





no stronger; a faint idea only of the girl's wondrous beauty can be conveyed by that little word. She was clad in the richest and most elaborate that intimated wealth could afford, and which this grand event demanded from one of her station. Her dress was of the costliest material, and she wore only once, or on an occasion similar to this. Her raven hair was gathered away from her fine brow in heavy masses—those masses laden with glittering jewels—falling even down to her waist. Diamonds, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, fairly blazed forth from almost every conceivable portion of her person. In her worldly grandeur she looked like some modern queen of Sheba.

"Magnificent, Minerva—Miss Clayton—magnificent!" exclaimed the young man with enthusiasm.

"Yes, grand indeed; and we, as Philadelphians, should be proud of this event. But, Mr. Craig, you can—"

She hesitated and cast her eyes down.

Young Craig glanced tenderly at her.

"What—what can I—Miss Clayton?" he asked softly, still bending his ardent gaze upon her.

"Why—yes, I was waiting, you wish, call me Minerva," she returned in a voice that was scarcely audible.

"Heaven bless you, Minerva! You know not how happy you have—"

"There, there, Clinton—(or such I will call you—stop!) You may be overheard," hastily interrupted the girl as a tall, stately-looking young man, clad in elegant attire, suddenly strode by them.

This individual paused for a moment and turned toward the flashing couple, bowed low. Then, as a dusky flush swept over his face, he reared his form and hurried on into the maze throng.

That man was about thirty years of age, and despite the ominous, forbidding frown which rested on his dark, heavily-bearded face, he was a fine-looking fellow. As he moved gracefully and familiarly through the swaying crowd, it was easy to see that he was perfectly at home; that, if anything, he felt himself superior to the situation. But in another moment he had bowed low before a princely woman, and was lost speedily to the eyes of the barge.

"Algeron Floyd! he here!" exclaimed young Craig unguardedly, while his bright eyes gleamed for an instant in his eyes.

"And why not, Clinton?" asked the banker's daughter in a low, but distinct voice, at the same time watching, curiously, the young man's face.

Clinton Craig winced under that remark; for the moment, he had forgotten that that dark-bearded young man was own blood nephew to the rich merchant who, for some or other cause, had adopted him and made him his presumptive heir to a colossal fortune. He had forgotten that Algeron Floyd had more legal right to that fortune than he had, and that many wise ones had said as much right out, and endeavored, at least, to make old Thompson Floyd to divide equally his property between his nephew and his adopted son.

But Minerva Clayton still kept her eyes fastened on the young man's face. She had asked a pointed question and was waiting for an answer.

"Yes, truly," answered Clinton with some embarrassment of manner. "Algeron Floyd has as much right to come here as any one, Minerva. But why the truth is, I did not think he was able, pecuniarily, to afford to attend the ball. You know, Minerva, tickets are ten dollars each."

"Exactly—where did he get the money—oh, Clinton?"

"You are right, Minerva; you are good, at guessing; but come; we are ready now. Let us go up to the platform. I see that they are forming for the dance. We must hurry or we'll be too late. Now—good heavens! here comes Fred Ashwin with—"

"Lizzy Alice Ray in his arm," interrupted Minerva, contemptuously, as she glanced superciliously at the advancing couple. "I don't like her, Clinton; and I can't bear that meddlesome, self-opinionated, rule-doctor!"

Before young Craig could reply to this, and ere he could turn away—as he endeavored to do—Fred Ashwin, with his lovely charge clinging close to him, stood before them.

The young physician bowed respectfully, yet curtly to Minerva, scarcely noticing his friend Clinton, and hurried on.

But Alice Ray, with her auburn hair, and soft blue eyes, smiled good-naturedly on her old beau as she passed, and whispered to him guilelessly and innocently.

"I received your message, Clinton, and—yes—I was satisfied. It was all right. I hope you'll enjoy the ball."

Then she was gone.

Clinton Craig bit viciously at the ends of his sweeping mustache, and made an awkward bow of acknowledgment to the fair girl who had spoken so sweetly, so confidently to him.

But Minerva Clayton's brow was clouded with an angry scowl.

"Does that girl—does Alice Ray call you Clinton?" she asked in a hoarse whisper, as her eyes glared upon the young man.

"Not with my consent, Minerva," was the prompt reply; for he felt the warm, rounded arm tremble in his. "Fear not!" he hastened to say; "I love for Alice Ray has no place in my heart. But we must go now."

Taking her hand in his, he half-drew her through the crowd to the large platform covering the entire parquette, and which had been laid for dancing.

Then, at a given signal, the orchestra pealed forth, its entrancing strains, and in an instant the floors were creaking under the measured tread of twenty sets. And again and again were those sets formed, and the wild, giddy dance went on. And every time Clinton Craig was Minerva's partner.

At length there came a lull; the weary dancers promenaded the platform, flushed and breathless.

As young Craig stood under a gaslight chatting gayly with the banker's daughter the two were suddenly approached by Algeron Floyd. His dark face was pleasant with a winning, happy smile as he bent his head low before Minerva; he did not even glance once at her companion.

"I hope," he began, in a deep but sweet and musical voice, "that I can share with Miss Clayton to honor me with her hand in the next set?"

He gazed fixedly at her as he made his emphasis.

Miss Clayton is engaged for the evening," said Craig, stiffly, before the girl could reply.

"No, no, Clinton—Mr. Craig, I am not," said Minerva, hastily and spitefully. "I will dance with you, Mr. Floyd!"

As she spoke, she quietly slipped her hand from young Craig's arm, and transferred it to that of the dark-faced man who towered before her.

A smile of undisguised triumph flashed across her face as she turned away from the gaslight, for a moment over Algeron Floyd's features as he drew that round, rosy arm in his. Turning off, he bowed and said, sarcastically, to Clinton Craig:

"With your permission, sir."

In a moment more, with Minerva by his side, and Dr. Ashwin with Alice Ray as his partner, Algeron Floyd glided away from the dance.

No one knew of the battle that had been fought that night in the bosom of the dark-bearded fellow; but, that he, poor—peniless, almost—and without expectations, had won a victory none knew better than did Clinton Craig, the petted.

(To be continued.)

THE ENSIGN OF THE REPUBLIC.—All national flags have their history, and the story of our own is not the least interesting. Its adoption by the Congress on the 14th of June, 1777, was a token that the provinces were acquiring a national coherence. Up to that time the colonists had been fighting under no common banner. At first the "Union flags" were the red ensigns of England, with some patriotic motto, such as "Liberty," or "Liberty and Property." Connecticut displayed her arms; the New York armed ships the beaver; at Bunker Hill, Putnam fought under a red flag with the Connecticut legend on one side and "An Appeal to Heaven" upon the other. This motto the Province Congress of Massachusetts adopted for its pine-tree flag. This was the flag borne by the first ships of war commissioned by Washington. The flag at Fort Mifflin was blue with a white crescent and the word "Liberty." The "great union" raised by Washington at Cambridge, Jan. 2, 1776, consisted of 13 alternate red and white stripes, with the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew emblazoned. The 13 stripes are said to have been first used as the banner of a Philadelphia troop of light-horse in 1774 or 1775. Nearly a year elapsed after the Declaration of Independence before Congress resolved that the flag of the 13 United States be 13 stripes alternate white and red; that the union be 13 stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation, and arranged in a circle. In 1794, Vermont and Kentucky having been admitted into the Union, the number of stars and stripes was augmented to 15; and this was the flag used in the war of 1812. The stripes were reduced to the original 13 in the year 1818.

## YOUTH.

TO CARRIE M—

BY M. JOS. ADAMS.

O'er the meadows wavy  
With the summer's green,  
In the early morning  
Carrie might be seen  
Skipping light and happy  
As the bounding roe,  
Down to where the lilies  
By the way-side grow.

When the sun with golden  
Rays announces day,  
And the village cattle  
Toil along the way,  
When the air is warm  
Then she loves to roam  
Through the vale and forest,  
Near her cottage home.

When the birds are warbling,  
Little carols sweet,  
Then she loves to listen,  
While her tiny feet  
Dabble in the brooklet,  
Winding through the green;  
Pure and lovely Carrie  
Happier ne'er was seen.

YOUTH, thou fleeting treasure!  
Happy are thy days!  
Ere the world of fashion,  
With delusive praise,  
Draws thee from thy pleasures  
Fraught with childish love,  
Innocence invoking  
Blessings from above.

## Little Volcano, THE BOY MINER; OR, The Pirates of the Placers.

A ROMANCE OF LIFE AMONG THE LAWLESS.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.,  
AUTHOR OF "OLD BULL'S EYE," "PACIFIC  
PETE," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER X.

THE HERMIT.

It was certainly a most disagreeable surprise—not only to Little Volcano, but the two lucky prospectors as well. The brief warning crackling—then a miniature avalanche of earth and stones, carrying with it the sprawling body of Little Volcano, landing him in a heap at the very feet of the astounded miners.

One minute before, even while turning up the precious nuggets of gold with each swiftly succeeding pick stroke, they had chucklingly congratulated themselves upon being the only living persons with a knowledge of this wonderful bank of nature, and now! They fell upon the struggling mass at their feet with trembling eagerness. There was blood in their eyes—death in their hands—murder in their hearts.

And doubtless murder there would have been committed in order to preserve their golden secret, only for the presence of mind displayed by the boy miner, whose quick wits managed to set his dust-laden tongue in motion.

"Skin out, pard—carry the news to Mary! Tell 'em where you left me, and don't—"

With a fierce, snarling curse, one of the prospectors sprung to his feet, and snatching up his pick, dealt Little Volcano a heavy blow upon his head. Fortunately for this story the weapon was turned in the air by catching upon a pendant twig, partially breaking the force of the blow and causing the side of the pick alone to reach its mark. Yet it seemed enough. The young man lay quivering and senseless, apparently dead, the hot blood flowing from a long cut upon his head.

"Out and look sharp!" snarled the man who had dealt the foot stroke. "Make short work of any thief you see—if he escapes, good-by to our hopes!"

But only the sound of their own hasty footsteps re-echoed through the hills as they dashed here and there, more than once misled by the echoes themselves, until, feeling that all further search was useless, they came together once more, sullen, dogged, baffled.

"We'll make sure of him, anyway," muttered the man who had stricken down Little Volcano. He shall never tell tales, even if his pard does."

"Durned if I believe they was anybody else—the little cuss was stuffin' of us—that's my idee," said the second, a rough-looking, ruder personage than his comrade, yet a physiognomist would have pronounced him the nobler brute of the two. "But mind ye, pard—no killin', ef we kin possibly do without it. I won't stan' that. But I reckon you know what I mean."

Little Volcano was just lifting his head feebly from a pool of blood, when the two miners returned to their "pocket." Ere he could make any motion for self-defense, almost before he could realize what had occurred, the miners were upon him, and bound his hands and feet firmly enough with green withes.

Slowly recollection returned. Lying in a painfully cramped position, Little Volcano could see the two men in whose hands his life or death seemingly lay, earnestly conversing, as he believed over his fate. Only an indistinct buzzing sound came to his ears, but he felt that their talk was of him—of how they could dispose of him with the greatest security to themselves. As his strength returned, the love of life grew stronger, and with a sudden effort, into which he cast all his strength, Little Volcano sought to burst his bonds, but in vain. This did not escape the eyes of his captors, and they turned toward him. Like an inspiration came the resolve to brazen it out, believing that cool audacity would carry him through better than by pleading and promising.

"Of all the dirty tricks, this is the worst!" he cried, acting upon his resolve. "If it's your style of treating friends—"

"It's the way we treat spies," sharply retorted the taller, better educated man of the two.

"The mountains are free to all—unless you've bought the right of way very lately. As for spying, I'm not in that line of business. Even if I were, what have you done?"

"It's not what we've done, but what we've found," and the man pointed to the pile of golden nuggets lying close beside the captive.

"If you hadn't tumbled down here, how long would this secret have been ours? Only while you could run to Hard Luck and spread the news of our find. But now—well, you can judge whether we will loose our hold upon you very soon."

"Then you've killed him?" cried the boy miner, in a well-disguised tone of painful anxiety.

"They ain't no him 'round hyar, 'cept—"

began the squat miner, before his more cunning partner could interpose.

"That's enough—I was sure of it!" and Little Volcano chuckled with great glee, seemingly.

"I don't believe you had anybody with you—but if so, he will be too late to save you," growled the tall miner, cocking a pistol.

"That may be. You over hold me this

time. You can rub me out easy enough, seeing I am trussed up like a hog. But that will only be the beginning. There will be those upon your trail before another day, who would find you if you turned mole and dug your way into the center of the earth. That much I will say—but no more. Now go on with your rat killing!" said Little Volcano, with unchanged front, though he was far from being as composed as one would think.

The men drew aside for consultation. The lad's confident speech had not been without its effect. Even the tall man hesitated to shed blood that might be so promptly and effectually avenged.

Suddenly a new light filled the boy miner's eyes. Coming up the valley he espied a human figure. Might it not be a friend? Eagerly he watched its advance. But then the look faded from his face, as he recognized the newcomer for none other than Crazy Billy, the mad artist, the hermit of the hills.

At the sounds of his footsteps, the miners turned sharply around. Fate seemed working against them this day. Another witness to be disposed of, or else—what?

Coolly as though he had not seen them, Crazy Billy passed them by, and stooped over the captive, severing his bonds with a knife which he drew from among his rags. But before Little Volcano could arise or draw a weapon, two revolvers covered them.

"We're running this machine, old man," said the tall miner, quietly. "You've gone far enough—"

"Easy, stranger," cried the boy miner, sharply. "Just count up the cost, and see if it will pay you. Suppose you should murder us two—and unless you're mighty poor shots, you can do it easy enough. We would be out of your way, sure enough, but that won't be the end of it. I have a pard who would hunt you night and day until he run you down. You would lose both gold and your life. Now listen. I pledge you my honor never to speak of your strike here. As for this man—you can see that he is a crazy fellow, who knows nothing of gold."

"But that's your pard," suggested the other miner.

"He'll not come back without help. He can't get that and return here short of twenty-four hours. Inside of that time you can empty this pocket—or at least carry off all the gold you can spend in a lifetime."

"It's the best we kin do, Wash," muttered the short man. "He means just what he says—an' that ain't no other way 'cept by killin'; an' that I won't stan'."

Though with evident reluctance, the tall miner yielded to the force of circumstance, and Little Volcano arose, once more a free man, saved from the death that had seemed inevitable by his coolness and audacity. He took Crazy Billy's hand and shook it warmly. The hermit looked at him with a strangely longing expression upon his death-like face. Then he said:

"Come—I have been looking for you a long, weary time. Come—there's work for us, Harry!"

Little Volcano started, amazed. Years had passed since that man had been applied to him, and this strange being—a madman—how could he know? Or was it a mere coincidence? Puzzled and wondering, he followed Crazy Billy's lead, scarce giving a thought to his late captors, whose sullen eyes followed them until the intervening rocks and bushes swallowed them up, then returned to their gold-digging with redoubled energy, eager to make the most of their reprieve, little suspecting how thoroughly Little Volcano had befuddled them.

For a considerable distance the boy miner followed his strange guide in silence, but then curiosity overcame his wonder, and he said:

"Now, old man, if it's all the same to you, before we go any further, I'd like to know you know my name was Harry?"

Crazy Billy turned and looked his questioner full in the face, then resumed his progress, muttering a few unintelligible words. Little Volcano was silenced but not satisfied. He secretly resolved to find out the truth before he turned back, and then contented himself with following Crazy Billy in silence.

The trail was a long and winding one. Though the sun shone out clear enough now, the boy miner was completely at a loss so far as his present whereabouts was concerned.

An hour later the hermit paused upon a narrow shelf of rock and glanced keenly around him in every direction. As though satisfied, he signed for Little Volcano to follow him, and lifting a mass of vines he entered a cave. The boy miner followed, finding himself in utter darkness—but only for a moment. Strange sounds met his ear. From every side there suddenly appeared strange, luminous lights, ever in pairs, and a peculiar odor came to his nostrils. He knew that he was in a den of wild beasts, and instinctively he felt for a weapon. At that moment the cavern was lighted up by a lamp of unusual brilliancy, held by the hands of Crazy Billy.

In silent wonder the boy miner gazed around him. Upon every side of him crouched snarling animals, showing their gleaming fangs. Panthers, bears—even one mammoth grizzly—wolves; smaller and less harmful animals. Snakes glided here and there, now hissing venomously, now sounding a shrill whirring rattle; owls blinked from their perches above. Toads and frogs croaked from the further corner, where stood a pool of slimy water.

And—stranger of all—Crazy Billy stood with eyes riveted upon a wide canvas, stretched upon two poles. Upon this canvas, only on a larger scale, were the same drawings which had so startled Long Tom at the hotel. The hermit's face was working horribly—he seemed like one being slowly choked. Strange sounds came from his throat. The animals aroused began to growl and snarl louder—particularly one huge, sleek panther, who was straining hard at its chain.

A shrill, but husky, choking cry burst from the hermit's lips—the lamp fell from his hands, as he sunk writhing to the floor. The beasts yelled madly and rattled their chains. A sharp, jingling sound—and by the light of the fallen lamp Little Volcano saw the panther spring forward. Weighed down by its spring, he gave one wild scream—then all was blank!

### CHAPTER XI.

SLEEPY GEORGE IS AWAKENED.

JUST at that moment Sleepy George would have sold out cheap—had a purchaser presented himself. Upon a narrow ledge of rock with a perpendicular wall upon one side that could not be scaled without assistance; a sheer descent of a hundred feet on the other, with ragged spurs of rock and dark, frost-roughened boulders lying in readiness to welcome him to his death; and before him the big-jointed, shaggy-coated grizzly bear, its little yellow eyes beginning to glow and reddened, its flabby lips to draw back and uncover those white teeth, large and strong enough to crack the bones of a buffalo, while the long, disagreeable claws rattled against the rocky ledge, as though sharpening themselves for work—while he, only armed with a knife and pistol, unable to fly, to retreat, yet feeling morally certain that his death must follow a collision upon that narrow list—truly, his situation was anything but agreeable.

The grizzly clumsily rose upright, waving its fore-paws in eccentric circles as though burling the guard of some fistic champion, and—as Sleepy George afterward solemnly affirmed, when fighting his battles over again—with a broad grin upon its hairy face roguishly winked its dexter eye at the cornered bummer.

Sleepy George was not wholly a coward—though, when cornered, a craven often proves himself a dangerous antagonist; and as he saw that the beast "meant business," he drew a revolver and cocked it, at the same time shuffling back a few steps. The sharp click seemed to enrage the grizzly. At least, with a deep, rumbling growl, it waddled forward, jaws and forearms opened wide.

Sleepy George fired twice in rapid succession. A wild snarling yell told that the brute was hard hit—then, as it plunged forward to close with him, the bummer's despair-born courage failed him. Dropping the smoking revolver, Sleepy George turned and scrambled along the narrow ledge, hoping to find some refuge, if only a point so narrow that the huge beast could not pass it.

The point was found—but to his horror Sleepy George saw that his own progress was effectually barred. The ledge ended in that direction with a narrow curve of crumbling, frost-eaten rock; it would have given way beneath the weight of a squirrel, much less a man.

At that moment the clear, whip-like report of a rifle smote his ear, followed by a scrambling noise—then a heavy, lifeless thud, coming from far below him. And before he could realize what had occurred, a well-known voice called out:

"Bully for you, old pard! You done it up fast, like I tell ye! Jest take it easy for a minnit; I'll come and lend you a boost soon's I peel this varmint."

Sleepy George peered tremblingly over the ledge. At the bottom of the canyon, he saw the form of Zimri Coon, rapidly reloading his rifle; and beside him lay the body of the grizzly bear. It was a puzzle to him—the more so as he saw the old man lay aside his rifle and draw a knife to skin the bear. Surely Coon had led him into this trap, then abandoned him to his fate, meaning that he should die—else why had he snatched away the grape-vine, thus cutting off all retreat?

And then, as the fear of death slowly lessened, a longing for revenge took its place, and Sleepy George caught himself fingering his pistol, and as through a mist of blood saw the form of the old man lying beside the dead bear, as lifeless and motionless as it. Yet, as he sought to steady his weapon, his hand trembled like those of a man with the ague, and he lowered the pistol, but not quickly enough to escape the attention of Coon.

"Easy, thar, pard!" he cried, sharply, glancing upward. "The bar is dead enough, as you might see if you only open your eyes. I pulled on it—an' never yet did I hev to send two bullets at the same mark. You hear me?"

Sleepy George knew that these words meant, and the knowledge that he was afraid to risk the shot, only increased the bitter hatred which he now felt for the old man. Sullenly enough he waited, yet with each passing minute repeating a bitter black oath to pay his debt, though years and years should pass over his head before the chance came.

Zimri Coon finished his skinning the grizzly, then called to Sleepy George, bidding him return to the blasted tree and await his coming, and with the pellet upon his shoulder he disappeared up the canyon. The bummer obeyed, because there was nothing better for him to do, but hardly daring to hope that Coon would keep his word. His fears were soon dissipated. The sound of footsteps echoed overhead, and then a coil of grape-vine fell at his feet. Grasping this, Sleepy George, aided from above by his strange partner, soon found himself landed safely upon the hillside.

"Thar—ef I do say it as hadn't ort—that was jest the slickest bit o' work I've seed for a coon's age," complacently remarked Zimri, displaying the huge skin with a low, oily chuckle.

"You knowed he was thar, all the time," muttered Sleepy George, half in doubt, an evil glare in his bleared eye.

"Sure!" you don't think I'd waste so much time on a chance, do ye? Not much! that ain't my sort. I trapped that varmint, nigh a week since. It tuck to its hole, and I couldn't draw it nohow, less I'd follered him inside—which mought a' bin unhealthy. So I jest blasted off a bit o' rock—the point whar he stopped—an' left 'im thar ontel he should get hungry enough to come out for my bait—"

"You tuck me fer the bait, I s'pose," interrupted the bummer, with a sickly grin.

"Yas—I knowed he'd smell you soon's ye got down thar," grinned Coon, glancing at the greasy, strong-scented garments of the bummer.

"Old man, you'd make a 'pendent fortune a-hirin' out as bait—you would so! They ain't nothin' as could resist ye—from a Chinook squaw down to a hop-toad. But thar—don't git your back up 'count of a little joke—I don't reckon it'd be fun fer either on us to quarrel. You know what I told ye. I want a partner in the richest old strike as ever was hearn tell on—but that partner must be a man, clean through. I picked you out, as I said, but it's my rule to prove everythin', fust. This is the way I proved you. You stood it like a little man—"

"I won't fergit it none too soon—you be sure o' that," slowly uttered Sleepy George, picking at the ground with his long knife.

"I've got the best memory you ever saw."

"It was a close rub—I didn't think the blame varmint would let hisself be drawed so easy, or I'd a' waited fer him up hyar. I was 'most too late—but a' inch of a miss—"

A chorus of horrible yells and screeches interrupted Zimri. The yelling of a panther, the roaring growls of bears, were mingled with shriller yells—and blended with them were the sounds of a human voice, raised in mortal agony or deadly fear.

"They's deviltry goin' on thar—foller me ef you've got a speck o' man in ye!" grated Zimri, catching up his rifle and darting along the hillside in the direction from whence proceeded the frightful sounds.

He was just in time to see a mass of vines part, and the form of a human being stagger out and fall to the ground like one dead. Brief as was the glance, Coon recognized the person, and with a hoarse, angry cry he sprung to his side. It was the body of Little Volcano, as he suspected.

Seemingly from the heart of the mountain came the wild chorus, now hulling, only to burst forth anew with redoubled fury—as though the fiends of Tartarus were serenading their king and master.

"Save him—save him, for God's sake!" gasped the boy miner, as he felt human hands ten-

derly lifting him from the ground. "Save him—they will tear him to pieces!"

Zimri Coon carried Little Volcano to some little distance before speaking. Then, seeing that no pursuit was made, he paused and forced a little whisky down the boy miner's throat. The remedy was effectual. Gasping for breath, he lifted his head, staring around with a puzzled look. But then, as memory returned, he arose, feeling for a weapon, and said:

"Quick—old man—come! The wild beasts are loose and he will be killed! Hurry—!"

"Who—?" began Coon, but Little Volcano paused for no questions, running back toward the cave, and the old man could only follow, bewildered, and yet ready for work.

The wild yell had died away. Instead came a low, mournful sound, as of some one moaning in sore distress.

Little Volcano raised the leafy screen, then paused, as a gasping moan came to his ears. Zimri followed, and his eyes dilated with amazement at the weird tableau lying before him.

Close to the still burning lamp lay the form of Crazy Billy, the hermit. Beside him crouched a lithe panther, its paws resting upon his breast, and—strange sight!—licking his face with its long, moist tongue, the while uttering a low, mournful wail.

That the hermit was not dead was proved as they stared. One arm moved and wound itself around the panther's neck. And then, ceasing its moaning, the animal lowered its head upon the hermit's breast, purring loudly as though grateful for this little action.

"Come," said Coon, dropping the screen. "We can't do nothin' here, even ef we tried. That painter would be at our throats the first touch we gave it master—an' it'd go hard with me to kill the critter, a'ter that!"

"He must have been in a fit," muttered Little Volcano, retreating with reluctance, though knowing that the words of Coon were naught but truth.

"He is gittin' over it, though—you saw him move his arm. Mebbe he'll come out pritty soon, ef we wait. Anyhow, they ain't no hurry, an' while we're waitin', jest tell a feller how you've made out prospectin', an' how you came in thar."

Nothing could be seen of Sleepy George, and believing he had fled from the spot in terror, old Zimri gave him no further thought.

Little Volcano obeyed; briefly narrating his ill-fortune in gold-seeking, then detailing more at length the events of that day. Silently, yet with strong interest, Zimri listened to the lad's encounter with Joaquin Murietta and his wife—the story the outlaw had told—the attack and all that had followed since.

"You was lucky to git off so easy," at length remarked Coon, thoughtfully. "But, lad, pray the Lord nobody ever finds out Joaquin called an' treated you like a fri'nd. I'd be your death. They's a storm a-brew



what, in him, might be called love. Undoubtedly he was sincere enough and he meant to treat her well—to turn over a new leaf—when he won her.

It was with a strange tremor that he entered the Miner's Rest—strange in a man who was noted for his iron nerves and icy self-control. Yet Long Tom caught himself fairly trembling as he caught sight of Mary Morton seated in the little "office," writing. But with a muttered curse on his folly, the gambler quietly addressed her, with the politeness he had ever shown her, after that unlucky move when Little Volcano so sharply rebuked his insolence.

Mary replied, not without a faint flush. Young as she was, she was yet old enough to have noticed Long Tom's respectful admiration; and though she would have laughed at the idea of ever becoming her lover, it was pleasing to her vanity, this distant homage from the handsomest, best-dressed man in town—gambler though he was.

As he noted her confusion, Long Tom grew more composed, and carefully followed out the programme he had formed in his own mind. After a few commonplace, he began:

"Miss Mary, I want to have a sober talk with you. Will you take a walk with me?"

"Indeed, I never go out, Mr.—" and she hesitated, just on the point of adding his *sobriquet*.

"I hardly dared expect it," he added, easily. "And yet I did hope you would have enough confidence in me to comply. However, it matters little. What I have to say can be spoken here just as well."

"I do not know what you can have to say to me," murmured Mary, her cheek flushing still deeper. "I am very busy—I have the accounts to make up."

"There is another day coming—and this is not work fit for you. You were meant for something better."

"It suits me—I have no wish for anything better," a little sharply.

"But others may for you," he added, quietly. "And that brings me back to my business. Miss Mary, you have lived here long enough to know what I am—a gambler; but for all that I claim to be a gentleman, in business and out of business. I run no 'brace game.' I give every man a fair chance for his money. But let that pass."

"I am a man; and being such, I have a man's feeling and hopes. You must have seen how matters have been going with me lately. You must know that I love you."

"Stop!" cried Mary, turning pale. "This must not go any further—I must not listen—"

"Pardon—but you must listen. I have a right to say that, as every man has who loves from his heart. You must listen to me some time—why not now as well as to-morrow, or next day—or a year from now? I said that I love you—so I do. I will wait, if you ask me—only you must hear me first."

"It will be of no use—why not spare us both this useless pain?" faltered the maiden; but Long Tom, like many another gambler, would hope against hope.

"If it is useless, then the ill-luck is mine; but many a fortune has been lost because the player was too faint-hearted to play his hand out. Let me have my say—then will come your turn. You may have heard men talk of my being rich; though they were right, they little knew the truth of what they said. I am rich—I can count my thousands up in the hundreds. It is all yours, if you say so. Only—with it I beg you to take me."

"Sir," said Mary, rising to her feet, her face pale and cold. "I warned you that words were useless in this case. You persisted. You have spoken plainly. So will I. You say you are rich. I do not ask how that wealth was obtained. I don't suppose you yourself can tell how many souls that gold has cost. But let that pass, as you said. As for your offer, I can only refuse it—stop! Let me finish, once for all. Though you could turn yonder mountain into gold and lay it at my feet, I would refuse it. From this you can judge how little chance there is of my ever loving you."

"Take care!" muttered Long Tom, the devil showing in his eyes. "Don't drive me too far—"

"You can only blame yourself. Think of our first meeting—an insult—if you have forgotten it, I have not."

"I was mad—"

"Just as you are now. Take my answer once for all, and never think of my changing it—"

"Change it you shall—and that, too, before we part this day," grated Long Tom, his eyes glowing. "I have yet a card to play—one I hoped you would not force me to show. Do you think I am ignorant of your object in coming here? Shall I tell you?"

"Sir, you have said too much already. Leave me now—or shall I call for help?"

"It would not be healthy for those who come," and Long Tom laughed softly. "I'm afraid there would be matter lying around for at least one funeral. Call, if you will, and I will tell them what you refuse to hear—"

The sentence was abruptly ended. A dusky face suddenly arose before that of the gambler, silently as a ghost. But never ghost yet wore that sleepy, innocent smile—even if a ghost was partial to almond eyes and dangling pig-tail, not to speak of a faint smoky smell, the peculiar inheritance of all Celestials.

"Misses tell me go—Chough Lee tell me you lun, dam klick!" murmured the Celestial, still smiling.

Long Tom uttered a fierce curse and raised his clenched fist, but the intended blow did not fall. The muzzle of a gold-mounted pistol stared him full in the face. He thrust his hand into his bosom—but the pistol was gone. By what magic Chough Lee had conjured it from its close resting-place, he never knew; enough that it now threatened his life.

Just how the matter would have ended, can only be surmised, for, at that moment, a man breathlessly entered the room, crying:

"You're wanted, boss! That's the deuce to pay at the house! Little Cassino's rubbed out, an' Yazoo, he's knocked higher'n a kite—hurry—thar's the devil to pay!"

Long Tom darted out at the door and raced toward his gambling-house. Sunday was his great harvest day, and this was the first time he had ever left its management to his men alone.

He could hear the sound of pistol-shots, mingled with wild yells and crashing of furniture. And then he saw a big man leap bodily through the front window, carrying sash and all with him, brandishing a revolver in each hand, and yelling like a maniac.

"Whoosee! cl'ar the track an' let a man spread himself! Hyar I sit, little Wolverine, a babby in britches—whar's the old man as wants to spank me fer cuttin' up Jack! Who'll squat on me to keep my b'iler from bustin'—loose the breechin' or the hull rig goes to 'tarnal smash! I kin blow a harrycane, spit a river, cough up thunder, melt a chunk o' ice 'th one squirt—an' not hafe try! I pick my teeth with streaks o' lightning, comb my ha'r with a pine tree, an'

when I blow my nose it rains cannon-balls—whoo-ee!"

"And when you get a little whisky in, you make a cursed fool of yourself, Bill Jackson!" cried a sharp voice, as a small man dressed in gray pushed through the crowd and confronted the blustering giant.

Wolverine stared in amazement at the bold speaker, scarce crediting his ears. But the little man came still closer, and though he bore no visible weapon, he acted like one already master of the situation.

"Let up on that, old man," he added, as the man was about to resume his tirade. "I haven't time for fooling. You've run your rope to an end—"

"Who'll take me? Who's the man?"

"I'm the man, you drunken bloot!" screamed the little man, leaping forward and closing with the giant, before he could use his weapons. "You've run too long—right here you come to a stop!"

For a moment there was a fierce struggle, then both fell to the ground. But almost instantly the little man arose, while Wolverine lay with handcuffs on.

It was at this juncture that Long Tom came up, and the little man glided up beside him, saying, softly:

"I was just coming after you, Long Tom—you're wanted."

With a fierce curse the gambler wrested himself free.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 335.)

## THE END OF IT ALL.

BY NELLIE C. HASTINGS.

Look into my eyes, dear,  
Ere the night comes on;  
Bend down your face, dear—  
It is almost done!  
As the old links softly break—  
I shall sleep, and you must wake;  
Kiss me at the last, dear,  
Ere I go!

I have waited long, love,  
For the end of all;  
For the blessed silence—  
For my Father's call;  
Waited for the deathly peace,  
For the glory—the release;  
And for one last smile, love,  
Ere I go!

Long and long ago, dear,  
All my dream was done,  
And the years have died, dear,  
Empty, one by one,  
I have lived—to find the end—  
And it comes now—Oh, my friend!  
Let one last word bless me,  
Ere I go!

Look into mine eyes, dear,  
Ere the shadows fall—  
I have lived and loved, dear—  
Loved, and this is all!  
Look into mine eyes and see  
How they bless you—and for me,  
Pity me—and kiss me,  
Ere I go!

Look into my face, dear—  
I have no more pain;  
Smile upon me now, dear,  
Only once again.  
Ah! you turn your head away!  
Darling—I am dying—say—  
Ere I go!

All the weary years, dear,  
Life and pain are o'er;  
And I find my Heaven  
Just at Death's dark shore!  
Shame and silence both are past—  
I can tell now, at last—  
Oh, my love!—I love you,  
Ere I go!

## LA MASQUE.

### The Vailed Sorceress; OR, THE MIDNIGHT QUEEN.

A TALE OF ILLUSION, DELUSION, AND MYSTERY.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING.

AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "THE TWIN SISTERS," "AN AWFUL MYSTERY," "ERMINIE," ETC.

#### CHAPTER XX.—CONTINUED.

"ALLOW me to differ from you," said Sir Norman, politely, as he evaded the blindly-frantic lunge of the dwarf's sword, and inserted an inch or two of the point of his own in that enraged little prince's anatomy. "So far from my hour having come—if you will take the trouble to reflect upon it—you will find it is the reverse, and that my little friend's brief and brilliant career is rapidly drawing to a close."

At these bland remarks, and at the sharp thrust that accompanied them, the dwarf's previous war-dance of anxiety was nothing to the horripilation of exasperation he went through when Sir Norman ceased. The blood was raining from his side, and from the point of his adversary's sword, as he withdrew it; and, mad as he was, he screeched and foamed, and kicked about his stout little legs, and gnashed his teeth, and made grabs at his wig, and lashed the air with his sword, and made such desperate pokes with it, at Sir Norman and everybody else who came in his way, that, for the public good, the young knight ran him through the sword-arm, and, in spite of all his distracted doings, captured him by the help of Herbert, and passed him over to the soldiers to cheer and keep company with the duke.

This brisk little affair being over, Sir Norman had time to look about him. It had all passed in so short a space, and the dwarf had been so desperately frantic, that the rest had passed involuntarily, and were still looking on. Missing the count, he glanced around the room, and discovered him standing on Miranda's throne, looking over the company with the cool air of a conqueror. Miranda, aroused, as she very well might be by all this screaming and fighting, had partly raised herself upon her elbow, and was looking wildly about her. As her eyes fell on Sir Norman, she sat fairly erect, with a cry of exultation and joy.

"You have come, you have come, as I knew you would," she excitedly cried, "and the hour of retribution is at hand!"

At the words of one who, a few moments before, they had supposed to be dead, an awe-struck silence fell; and the count, taking advantage of it, waved his hand, and cried:

"Yield yourselves prisoners, I command you! The royal guards are without; and the first of you who offers the slightest resistance will die like a dog! Ho, guards! enter, and seize your prisoners!"

Quick as thought the room was full of soldiers; but the rest of the order was easier said than obeyed. The robbers, knowing their doom was death, fought with the fury of desperation, and a short, wild and terrible conflict ensued. Foremost in the melee was Sir Norman and the count; while Hubert, who had taken possession of the dwarf's sword, fought like a young lion. The shrieks of the women were heart-rending, as they all fled, precipitately, into the blue dining room; and, crouching in corners, or flying distractedly about—true to their sex—made

the air resound with the most lamentable cries. Some five or six, braver than the rest, alone remained; and more than one of these actually mixed in the fray, with a heroism worthy a better cause. Miranda, still sitting erect, and supported in the arms of a kneeling and trembling sylph in white, watched the conflict with terribly-exultant eyes, that blazed brighter and brighter with the lurid fires of vengeful joy at every robber that fell.

"Oh, that I were strong enough to wield a sword!" was her fierce aspiration every instant; "if I could only mix in that battle for five minutes, I could die with a happy heart!"

Had she been able to wield a sword for five minutes, according to her wish, she would probably have wielded it from beginning to end of the battle; for it did not last much longer than that. The robbers fought with fury and ferocity; but they had been taken by surprise, and were overpowered by numbers, and obliged to yield.

The crimson count was indeed crimson now; for the velvet carpeting was dyed a more terrible red, and was slippery with a rain of blood! A score of dead and dying lay groaning on the ground; and the rest, beaten and bloody, gave up their swords, and surrendered.

"You should have done this at first!" said the count, coolly wiping his blood-stained weapon, and replacing it in its sheath; "and, by so doing, saved some time and more bloodshed. Where are all the fair ladies, Kingsley, I saw here when we entered first?"

"They fled like a flock of frightened deer," said Hubert, taking it upon himself to answer, "through yonder archway when the fight commenced. I will go in search of them, if you like."

"I am rather at a loss what to do with them," said the count, half-laughing. "It would be a pity to bring such a cavalcade of pretty women into the city to die of the plague. Can you suggest nothing, Sir Norman?"

"Nothing, but to leave them here to take care of themselves, or let them go free."

"They would be a great addition to the court at Whitehall," suggested Hubert, in his prettiest tone; "and a thousand times handsomer than half the damsels there. There, for instance, is one a dozen times more beautiful than Mistress Stuart herself!"

Leaving, in his nonchalant way, on the hilt of his sword, he pointed to Miranda, whose fiercely-joyful eyes were fixed with a glance that made the three of them shudder, on the bloody floor and the heap of slain.

"Who is that?" asked the count, curiously. "Why is she perched up there, and why does she bear such an extraordinary resemblance to Leoline? Do you know anything about her, Kingsley?"

"I know she is the wife of that unlovely little man, whose howls in yonder passage you can hear, if you listen, and that she was the queen of this midnight court, and is wounded, if not dying, now!"

"I never saw such fierce eyes before in a female head! One would think she fairly exulted in this wholesale slaughter of her subjects."

"So she does; and she hates both her husband and her subjects, with an intensity you cannot conceive of."

"How very like royalty!" observed Hubert, in parenthesis. "If she were a real queen, she could not act more naturally."

Sir Norman smiled, and the count glanced at the audacious page suspiciously; but Hubert, who was fawning to wit, in his innocent unconsciousness, Miranda, looking up at the same time, caught the young knight's eye, and made a motion for him to approach. She held out both her hands to him as he came near, with the same look of dreadful delight.

"Sir Norman Kingsley, I am dying, and my last words are in thanksgiving to you for having thus avenged me!"

"Let us hope you have many days to live yet, fair lady," said Sir Norman, with the same feeling of repulsion he had experienced in the dungeon. "I am sorry you have been obliged to witness this terrible scene."

"Sorry?" she cried, fiercely. "Why, since the first hour I remember at all, I remember nothing that has given me such joy as what has passed now; my only regret is that I did not see them all die before my eyes! Sorry! I tell you I would not have missed it for ten thousand worlds!"

"Madam, you must not talk like this!" said Sir Norman, almost sternly. "Heaven forbid there should exist a woman who could rejoice in bloodshed and death. You do not, I know, you wrong yourself and your own nature in saying so. Be calm, now; do not excite yourself. You shall come with us, and be properly cared for; and I feel certain you have a long and happy life before you yet."

"Who are those men?" she said, not heeding him, "and who—ah, great Heaven! what is that?"

In looking round, she had met Hubert face to face. She knew that that face was her own; and, with a horror stamped on every feature that no words can depict, she fell back, with a terrible scream, and was dead!

Sir Norman was so shocked by the suddenness of the last catastrophe, that, for some time, he could not realize that she had actually expired, until he bent over her, and placed his ear to her lips. No breath was there; no pulse stirred in that fierce heart—the Midnight Queen was indeed dead!

"Oh, this is fearful!" exclaimed Sir Norman, pale and horrified.

"The sight of Hubert, and his wonderful resemblance to her, has completed what her wound and this excitement began. Her last breath is on earth!"

"Take her with her!" said the count, removing his hat, which, up to the present, he had worn. "And now, Sir Norman, if we are to keep our engagement at sunrise, we had better be on the move; for, unless I am greatly mistaken, the sky is already gray with day-dawn."

"What are your commands?" asked Sir Norman, turning away, with a sigh, from the beautiful form already stiffening in death.

"That you come with me to seek out those frightened fair ones, who are a great deal too lovely to share the fate of their male companions. I shall give them their liberty to go where they please, on condition that they do not enter the city. We have enough vile of their class here already."

Sir Norman silently followed him into the azure and silver saloon, where the crowd of duchesses and countesses were weeping and wringing their hands, and as white as so many pretty ghosts. In a somewhat brief and forcible manner, considering his characteristic gallantry, the count made his proposal, which, with feelings of pleasure and relief, was at once accepted to; and the two gentlemen bowed themselves out, and left the startled ladies.

On returning to the crimson court, he commanded a number of his soldiers to remain and bury the dead, and assist the wounded; and then, followed by the remainder and the prisoners under their charge, passed out, and were soon in the heated atmosphere in the cool morning air. The moon was still serenely shining, but the stars that keep the earliest

hours were setting, and the eastern sky was growing light with the hazy gray of coming morn.

"I told you day-dawn was at hand," said the count, as he sprang into his saddle; "and, lo! in the sky it is gray already."

"It is time for it!" said Sir Norman, as he, too, got into his seat; "this has been the longest night I have ever known, and the most eventful one of my life."

"And the end is not yet! Leoline waits to decide between us!"

Sir Norman shrugged his shoulders.

"True! But I have little doubt what that decision will be! I presume you will have to deliver up your prisoners before you can visit her, and I will avail myself of the opportunity to snatch a few moments to fulfill a melancholy duty of my own."

"As you please. I have no objection; but in that case you will need some one to guide you to the place of rendezvous; so I will order my private attendant yonder, to keep you in sight, and guide you to me when your business is ended."

The count had given the order to start, the moment they had left the ruin, and the conversation had been carried on while riding at a break-neck gallop. Sir Norman thanked him for his offer, and they rode in silence until they reached the city, and their paths diverged; Sir Norman's leading to the apothecary shop where he had left Ormiston, and the count's leading—he knew best where. George—the attendant referred to—joined the knight, and leaving his horse in his care, Sir Norman entered the shop, and encountered the spectral proprietor at the door.

"What of my friend?" was his eager inquiry. "Has he yet shown signs of returning consciousness?"

"Alas, no!" replied the apothecary, with a groan that came waiving up like a whistle; "he was so excessively dead, that there was no use keeping him; and as the room was wanted for other purposes, I—pray, my dear sir, don't look so violent—I put him in the pest-cart and had him buried."

"In the plague-pit!" shouted Sir Norman, making a spring at him; but the man darted off like a ghostly flash into the inner room, and closed and bolted the door in a twinkling. Sir Norman knocked at it spitefully, but it resisted his every effort; and, overcoming a strong temptation to smash every bottle in the shop, he sprang once more into the saddle, and rode off to the plague-pit. It was the second time within the last twelve hours he had stood there; and, on the previous occasion, he who now lay in it, had stood by his side. He looked down, sickened and horror-struck at the dreadful, seething, crackling mass, and thought how little either of them dreamed that one was so soon to be buried in its loathsome depths. Perhaps, before another morning, he, too, might be there; and, feeling his blood run cold at the thought, he was turning away, when some one came rapidly up, and sunk down with a moaning, gasping cry on its very edge. That shape—tall and slender, and graceful—he well knew; and leaning over he laid his hand on her shoulder, and exclaimed:

"La Masque!"

CHAPTER XXI.

WHAT WAS BEHIND THE MASK.

The cowering form rose up; but, seeing who it was, sunk down again, with its face groveling in the dust, and with another prolonged, moaning cry.

"Madame Masque!" he said, wonderingly; "what is this?"

He bent to raise her; but, with a sort of scream, she held out her arms to keep him back.

"No, no, no! Touch me not! Hate me—kill me! I have murdered your friend!"

Sir Norman recoiled as if from a deadly serpent.

"Murdered him! Madame, in Heaven's name, what have you said?"

"Oh, I have not stabbed him, or poisoned him, or shot him; but I am his murderer, nevertheless!" she wailed, writhing in a sort of gnawing inward torture.

"Madame, I do not understand you at all! Surely you are raving when you talk like this."

Still moaning on the edge of the plague-pit, she half rose up, with both hands clasped tightly over her heart, as if she would have held back from all human ken the anguish that was destroying her.

"No—no! I am not mad—pray Heaven I were! Oh, that they had strangled me in the first hour of my birth, as they would a viper, rather than I should have lived through all this life of misery and guilt, to end it by this last, worst crime of all!"

Sir Norman stood and looked at her still "far wide." He knew well enough whose murderer she called herself; but why she did so, or how she could possibly bring about his death was a mystery altogether too perplexed for him to solve.

"Madame, compose yourself, I beseech you, and tell me what you mean. It is to my friend, Ormiston, you allude—is it not?"

"Yes—yes! surely you need not ask."

"I know that he is dead and buried in this horrible place; but why you should accuse yourself of murdering him, I confess I do not know."

"Then you shall!" she cried, passionately. "And you will wonder at it no longer: You are the last one to whom the revelation can be made on earth; and, now that my hours are numbered, it matters little whether it is told or not! Was it not you who first found him dead?"

"It was I—yes. And how he came to his end, I have been puzzling myself in vain to discover ever since."

She rose up, drew herself to her full majestic height, and looked at him with a terrible glance.

"Shall I tell you?"

"You have had no hand in it," he answered, with a cold chill at the tone and look, "for he loved you!"

"I have had a hand in it—I alone have been the cause of it! But for me he would be living still!"

"Madame!" exclaimed Sir Norman, in horror.

"You need not look as if you thought me mad, for I tell you it is Heaven's truth! You say right—he loved me; but for that love he would be living now!"

"You are speaking riddles which I can not read. How could that love have caused his death, since his dearest wishes were to be granted to-night?"

"He told you that, did he?"

"He did. He told me you were to remove your mask; and if, on seeing you, he still loved you, you were to be his wife."

"Then was he to have me for ever having extorted such a promise from me! Oh, I warned him again, and again, and again. I told him how it would be—I begged him to desist, but no, he was blind, he was mad; he would rush on his

own doom! I fulfilled my promise, and behold the result!"

She pointed with a frantic gesture to the plague-pit, and wrung her beautiful hands with the same moaning of anguish.

"Do I hear right?" said Sir Norman, looking at her, and really doubting if his ears had not deceived him. "Do you mean to say that, in keeping your word and showing him your face, you have caused his death?"

"I do! I had warned him of it before. I told him there were sights too horrible to look on and live, but nothing would convince him! Oh, why was the curse of life ever bestowed upon such a hideous thing as I!"

Sir Norman gazed at her in a state of hopeless bewilderment. He had thought, from the moment he saw her first, that there was something wrong with her brain, to make her act in such a mysterious, eccentric sort of way; but he had never positively thought her so far gone as this. In his own mind, he set her down, now, as being as mad as a March hare, and accordingly answered in that soothing tone people use to imbeciles:

"My dear Madame Masque, pray do not excite yourself, or say such dreadful things. I am sure you would not willfully cause the death of any one, much less that of one who loved you as he did."

La Masque broke into a wild laugh, almost worse to hear than her former despairing moans.

"The man thinks me mad! He will not believe, unless he sees and knows for himself! Perhaps you, too, Sir Norman Kingsley," she cried, changing into sudden fierceness, "would like to see the face behind this mask!—would like to see what has slain your friend, and share his fate?"

"Certainly," said Sir Norman. "I should like to see it; and I think I may safely promise not to die from the effects. But surely, madame, you deceive yourself; no face, however ugly—even supposing you to possess such a one—could produce such dismay as to cause death."

"You shall see."

She was looking down into the plague-pit, standing so close to its cracking edge, that Sir Norman's blood ran cold, in the momentary expectation to see her slip and fall headlong in. Her voice was less fierce and less wild, but her hands were still clasped tightly over her heart, as if to ease the unutterable pain there. Suddenly, she looked up, and said, in an altered tone:

"You have lost Leoline?"

"And found her again. She is in the power of one Count L'Estrange."

"And in his power, pray, how have you found her?"

"Because we are both to meet in her presence within this very hour, and she is to decide between us."

"Has Count L'Estrange promised you this?"

"He has."

"And you have no doubt what her decision may be?"

"Not the slightest."

"How came you to know that she was carried off by this count?"

"He confessed it himself."







## SWEET GENEVIEVE.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

Sweet Genevieve, I miss thee still;  
The mornings come, the days depart;  
The glory lighting plain and hill  
Is like a shadow on my heart.  
The moonbeams, soft and silvery bright,  
Make lovelier than the day the eve;  
Their beauty yields me no delight—  
I mourn for thee, sweet Genevieve.

At times I mingle with the throng—  
To drive unhappy thoughts away—  
Where jest and laugh, and dance and song,  
Prolong the night into the day.  
But 'mid them all thy face I see—  
Where mind and heart their magic weave—  
Look sad with hopeless love for me,  
My life, my soul, my Genevieve.

Though tongues of falsehood keep apart  
The forms that shine such love as ours,  
They can not change thy faithful heart  
Through all the weary absence-hours.  
For by mine own I know thy love;  
Though years their shadowing impress leave,  
Still, constant as the lights above,  
I love but thee, sweet Genevieve.

## The Men of '76.

## KOSCIUSKO.

## The Hero of Two Worlds.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

THE story of Thaddeus Kosciuszko's life reads like a romance. In the age of chivalry seemed to have been revived. A soldier by education, he was a patriot by instinct, and guided by his promptings he walked a path thorny to the end, yet with a nobleness of soul that found its reward in self-sacrifice and exile. To the American whose nationality he so ably and perseveringly aided to establish, he is endeared by those labors; but when to this is added the magnificent struggle which he led, to save Poland from annihilation, he most properly commands the applause, sympathy and veneration of every lover of liberty.

This immortal patriot was born in Lithuania (Poland) February 12th, 1756. He was descended, like the Pulaskis, from an ancient, wealthy and noble family, and as the prospective head of that family, received a military education. At school he betrayed so much intelligence that Prince Casimir made him a lieutenant of cadets, and sent him to France, where he perfected himself in the art of war, and received a captain's commission on his return, in 1755.

His promise of rapid promotion was, however, cut short by an enforced and sudden exile. Falling in love with the daughter of Marshal Sosnowski, affianced to Prince Lubomirski, the young captain was led to the rashness of an elopement, which was thwarted, and to save the disgrace of dismissal for his presumption, as well as to conquer his now utterly hopeless passion, he immediately left Poland and turned his face toward Paris, where he proposed to enter the French service.

Reaching Paris his spirit was fired, as were so many others, with a desire to serve the American colonies in their struggle for freedom; and good old Ben Franklin, then one of our agents in France, thought so well of the young man and his credentials that he commended him heartily to Washington. With this commendation Kosciuszko found his way to America, and repairing to the camp at Valley Forge, presented his introduction.

"What do you want?" asked Washington, already embarrassed and annoyed by the number of men of distinction from France seeking service in the American army.

"To fight for American Independence!" was the prompt answer.

"What can you do?" demanded the chief.

"Try me and see," responded the applicant, with a decision that spoke for his character.

Washington, ever quick to read men, was so pleased with the young foreigner's bearing that he made him an aide-de-camp, and the commander-in-chief soon discovered that his Poland was an adept in military art of the best school.

Acting upon the chief's suggestion, Congress named Kosciuszko an engineer with rank of Colonel. His first work was with Gates, to whose army he was assigned as engineer. In company with Arnold he inspected the region where Gates must receive the attack of Burgoyne, who then had crossed the Hudson below Fort Edward. Gates, having just dispossessed Schuyler, had but little knowledge of the country, so left the selection of his fortifications to the two men named. Under Kosciuszko's immediate supervision the lines were laid, the batteries located, and the field works thrown up. That these works were admirably disposed the sequel proved.

In the fierce combat of September 19th (1777), which Arnold fought with such splendid intrepidity, Kosciuszko was with the artillery, and gave great encouragement and aid by his bearing and ready eye. The fight ended in a drawn battle, when promptness in sustaining Arnold with reinforcements must have cut the British army in twain and insured its retreat. Gates, so confident in his position and numbers, did not care to hurry affairs to a half victory. This was his excuse for refusal to let Arnold pursue his advantage.

The night was spent in throwing up additional works under Kosciuszko's directions, to match the enemy's works on the opposite side of the valley between. Checked in his march, Burgoyne had to intrench, hoping for favorable news from Sir Henry Clinton. So the armies lay, face to face for eighteen days, with almost constant skirmishing and artillery firing. Kosciuszko's vigilance was literally ceaseless. Every change in the enemy's works he noted and countered, so that no advantage whatever was given the anxious and now almost desperate Burgoyne. In sheer desperation he again took the field (Oct. 7th), and in the terrific battle of that day, where Arnold was the very spirit of fight, Kosciuszko was everywhere on the field, giving invaluable suggestions as to movements, and keeping the artillery ever in the best position for rapid and efficient work. It was one of the hardest-fought battles of the war, and ended in Burgoyne's signal and utter defeat and retreat, and final surrender with all his splendid material.

Kosciuszko's field services gave him deserved reputation as a military engineer, and it having been decided so to fortify the Hudson, at some proper point, as to make it impregnable to the enemy's advance, the Polish engineer was assigned to the duty of planning and carrying out the works at West Point, selected for the permanent fortification. This work was prosecuted with such energy, by Putnam's troops, under Kosciuszko's plans and supervision, in the midwinter of 1777-8, that when the river opened in the spring the enemy was fairly stopped from any advance above the narrows at Anthony's Nose. These works stand to-day as a mark of the eminent engineer's military skill and sagacity, and at West Point Kosciuszko's name is only mentioned in admiration.

When Greene was sent South to stay the vic-

torious Cornwallis, (whose overwhelming defeat of Gates at Camden had left the Southern States helpless) Kosciuszko was created a Brigadier and assigned to Greene, for the special purpose of making fortifications to do the work of men. In the harassing campaign which followed, during the fall and winter of 1780-81, the engineer's work was devoted almost wholly to providing means of transport and passage over rivers. In the most masterly retreat of army, pursued by Cornwallis, from Guilford to Boyd's Ferry, he managed to collect the boats which the army was saved and the enemy deeply chagrined and outgeneraled. Greene resolved to stand at Halifax, and Kosciuszko, with his ready skill, soon had works thrown up that must have given the enemy a bloody reception; but Cornwallis did not cross the Dan to enter Virginia. Then Greene turned back and began to pursue his enemy, and once more Kosciuszko's skill was required to dispose the intrenchments, on the hill near Guilford Court House, where the Americans made a stand (March 15th). In that fierce fight Kosciuszko bore an honorable part, and greatly aided in gathering the disordered troops.

The story of the brilliantly-manuevered campaign that followed, told in our sketches of Greene, Marion and Sumter, need not here be repeated. When Greene moved to the siege of Fort Mifflin, Kosciuszko planned all the works and participated, fully and with high honor, in the siege and the stroke and counter-strokes that followed, until Rawdon was fairly whipped out of the State, and his successor, Colonel Stuart, was driven into Charleston, where peace witnessed the grand gathering and leave-taking of the noble spirits by whose valor the South had been redeemed from British presence and the horrors of war.

Kosciuszko tarried here after the war until the condition of affairs in Poland induced his return to his native land, in 1786, bearing with him a reputation and letters that were a soldier's best reward. Washington's friendship was sincere and freely given, and the gallant Pole so revered his chief, that, in his after life, when he became known as the "Father of his Country"—the "Deliverer of Poland"—the "Washington of Europe"—these very titles showed how deep and strong had been the influence of Washington on his character.

Kosciuszko's history, after his return to Poland, is the history of Poland for six years, and the world then witnessed in him that rare type of man—great in war, great in state, and great in adversity—of which modern times furnish but few examples.

In 1789, when the Diet formed its army, he was named Major-General, and soon rose to such commanding influence that, when he declared for the constitution of May 3d, 1791, it was decisive of Poland's course: it committed her to war with surrounding powers, and made the great Catherine of Russia Poland's implacable foe. The campaign that ensued was made glorious by its valor shown, and the chief hero of it all was Kosciuszko. But the submission of King Stanislaus, to Catherine, compelled the patriotic general to retire to Germany, where he was highly honored, and the French Assembly expressed its sense of his merit by bestowing on the exile the rights of a French citizen.

This exile was shortened, for the oppressions of Russia soon forced the Poles to revolt, and Kosciuszko, looked to by all patriots as their proper leader, appeared in Cracow, in March, 1794, to guide the country in its struggle for independence. The people formed the Confederation of Cracow, March 24th—making Kosciuszko Commander-in-Chief, after the example of the American States.

The Russians were alert, and Kosciuszko had but time to gather 4,000 men and march against 12,000 tried troops. With no artillery, and with followers armed with scythes, pikes, and all manner of guns, the patriot general hurled his battalions upon the Russians with such fury that, in the bloody battle of Racławice, April 4th, 1794, he achieved a signal victory that gave him arms and artillery, and gathered around him an army of 9,000 volunteers ready to fight to the death.

Poland was now in arms against the Russians, whose garrisons at Warsaw and Wilna were put to death and many Russians murdered on sight—excesses which Kosciuszko never arrested. Then the new government of Warsaw was formed. Russia, Prussia and Austria had confederated to conquer Poland, whose sudden attempt to found a Republic in the midst of monarchies the two kings and empress had resolved to crush in its very incipency. So their combined armies, 17,000 strong, marched against Warsaw, and Kosciuszko met them, June 6th (1794), with 13,000 men, at Szekocini. After a dreadful conflict the patriots were beaten back and retired to their intrenchments before Warsaw. Here they were besieged by 60,000 of the allies, and there followed one of the most memorable combats of the century. Kosciuszko was literally unconquerable, and with 10,000 men repelled the general assault made by the enemy after two months' siege. The repulse was of the most fearfully sanguinary character.

This superb valor now inspired all Poland to rise, and Dombrowski leading a new army to the relief of Warsaw, the enemy was compelled to raise the siege and retire into Prussia, and Poland for the moment was free—the Republic was won!

Kosciuszko, at the head of affairs, honored and loved by all, administered the state with such wonderful success that when he restored his almost dictatorial powers, May 29th, 1795, to the Supreme National Council, the state was in perfect working order and the government by the people well inaugurated.

Catherine was not a woman, however, to brook a defeat. With tainted morals, and leading a life of almost unbridled licentiousness, she yet was a woman of splendid ability, and of a will as inflexible as adamant. So, gathering all her resources, she launched the noted General Suwaroff upon Poland, in Volhynia, while a second great army penetrated Lithuania. Suwaroff defeated the Poles at Brzecz (Sept. 18th-19th), and then headed for Warsaw, to join the other force.

Kosciuszko resumed the field command once more, and marched out to meet the foe. Fifty miles from Warsaw the battle occurred which ended the Republic. Three times the Poles repelled the assault of an army three times greater than theirs, but at the fourth assault the little army of 24,000 men, reduced to 17,000 by the field loss, was overcome by sheer numbers (Oct. 10th, 1795), and Kosciuszko fell from his horse, covered with wounds, crying in his sorrow, *"Finis Poloniae!"* as he was taken prisoner by the triumphant enemy.

In his fall Poland lost all. Its head, hands and heart he seemed to be, and the nation that he would have sustained under almost any reverse that left him unhurt and free was so dismayed at his loss that the Russians marched to rapid victory. Suwaroff stormed Praga, Nov. 4th. Warsaw capitulated Nov. 9th, and that ended the short-lived Republic. Poland was in chains.

Catherine, knowing no leniency, thrust Kos-

cusko and those of his colleagues who had fallen into her power into prisons under rigorous confinement; but they were spared long torture at her hands by her sudden death by apoplexy, Nov. 9th, 1796. Paul I., who succeeded to the throne, hastened to release the great Pole and his companions. Of the general he expressed his admiration in a marked manner—presenting him with his own elegant sword, which Kosciuszko declined to receive, saying: "I no longer need a sword since I no longer have a country to defend." And he never again wore a sword—not even the sword of the renowned John Sobieski, which, after Poland's downfall, was discovered at Soretto (1797) and presented to the general—the highest honor the Poles could bestow.

Paul also pressed upon him a present of 1500 peasants, but these he also refused when he had reached the frontier, on his way to voluntary exile—he could not live on the bounty of the oppressor. He made his way to France and to London, everywhere to be received with honor by all classes of people. No name in Europe was more on people's lips. He visited America in 1797, and was welcomed with immense enthusiasm. All his means was the little income from the pension granted by Congress.

In 1798 he returned to France, where his countrymen in exile were gathered in considerable numbers, still hoping for the favorable fortune which would again make it possible to strike for Polish liberty. Napoleon, indeed, promised to restore the nation as a blow at Russia, but Kosciuszko was too far-seeing not to know that the would-be conqueror of Europe would make the Poles do his work, not theirs; so the exile, much to the chagrin of many eminent countrymen, refused all co-operation with Napoleon's schemes.

He lived for years in retirement near Paris, watching events closely. The power of the oppressor, having finally become secure, Polish liberty ceased even to be a hope. Then he abandoned France for Switzerland, settling at Soleure, where his life passed peacefully in agricultural pursuits, of which he was very fond. He died at this home Oct. 16th, 1817. A fall from a precipice near Vevey, while on his horse, was the immediate cause of his death.

His remains were removed to Cracow, in 1818, at the expense of the Emperor Alexander, and deposited in the tombs of the Kings of Poland, amid a vast gathering of the people. The women of Poland were mourning—many of them all their lives—for his loss, and to this day no man, woman or child with a drop of Polish blood in his or her veins who does not murmur a prayer and benediction when the name of Kosciuszko is spoken.

## Black Eyes and Blue;

OR,

The Peril of Beauty and the Power of Purity.

A TALE OF COUNTRY AND CITY.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

THE hours of the afternoon were slowly away, and the boat approached the end of her journey.

In vain Redmond Rhodes sought to interest himself in his favorite poet. The young lady in the peasant garb had taken a seat as near to him as she could, and the baronet had joined the group; he tried to open a conversation with the American, as an excuse for remaining near, but got brief replies, and finally settled into silence, amusing himself with watching, with malignant pertinacity, every look and movement of the embarrassed and suffering girl. It was with difficulty Mr. Rhodes controlled himself, so strong was the impulse of the gentleman to chastise the bully who could thus stare out of countenance a lady.

The lovely dark-blue eyes finally fixed themselves on Redmond's with an anxious, strained, terrified appeal in them, which he felt that he must respond to.

"What is it, my child?" he asked, in his kind manner, feeling that he must wait no longer for the baronet to get out of the way. "If you need a friend, I will be one to you—you are a countrywoman of mine, and I cannot submit to see you persecuted."

"I do not see what you can do for me," interposed Sir Israel, drawing a card from his breast-pocket and handing it, with a polite bow, to the stranger. "Allow me to assure you, sir, whoever you are, that it will be dangerous for you to interfere between a father and his child—or a young lady and her affianced husband."

"I am not affianced to him," spoke up Violet, quickly. "I hate, abhor, dread him, beyond any man on the face of the earth! My father is determined that I shall marry him—I put on this disguise and ran away, because my father is cruel to me, and wishes to make me wretched for life by forcing me to accept this man, whom I loathe. If I could reach my home and friends—but, oh, sir, I fear I am quite in my father's power; and he was cruel to my mother, and has no love for me."

There were no passengers then in that vicinity who understood English, and the three could talk without exciting any special notice. Sir Israel tapped his forehead significantly, and smiled.

"Her father is a gentleman against whom no one will venture a word. He is kindness itself to his daughter, who is one of the sweetest of her sex, except that, occasionally—when not so well as usual—she has, let us say, exaggerated fancies about things which render her ill."

"He means you to understand that I am more or less insane; that is a part of my father's avowed plan to compel me—in this foreign country, away from all who know me—to marry this man. Oh, do not believe them! Do not allow that suspicion to poison your mind toward me! Do you, sir, blame me for shrinking with horror from this old man, who has not one virtue to compensate for his burden of years? Would I not be insane to consent to such a union? Yet my father wants to hold me a prisoner, to force me into the arms of this wretched rascal! I am so mad, that I will die by the first death that offers before I will yield. If to be eager to kill myself to escape Sir Israel Benjamin, be madness, then I am mad, indeed!"

Sir Israel waved his hand deprecatingly, with a pitying smile.

"Will you not save me from them?" she asked, turning to Redmond, with clasped hands; surely you can do something!"

"I wish I knew what I could do," answered Mr. Rhodes, thoughtfully; he was too experienced in the difficulties of the law, to feel willing to make the attempt to interfere between a parent and child, even had he possessed the least power to do so.

"Do something—something for me, if you have any humanity?" she pleaded. "I would leap into the water, but I know they would

save me, and I shall be worse off than before. Sir, will you give me a scrap of paper out of your note-book, and a pencil, for one moment?"

Redmond tore a leaf out of his diary and handed it to her, with the pencil she had asked for. She immediately wrote a few words and handed paper and pencil back to him. The face of Sir Israel turned a sickly purple with rage and jealousy; he shook his long forefinger at the American, saying, savagely:

"Sir, this interference on your part has gone as far as I shall permit. When we reach our stopping-place, I shall hand you over to the police."

"On what complaint?" asked Redmond, coolly.

"No matter about that; I will invent one. I will swear to whatever is necessary to get rid of you, sir."

"What a fine sense of honor! But let me beg of you not to perjure yourself on my account. Rather than drive you into such a sin, I will abandon the young lady to her fate. We Americans are ridiculous cowards."

The old dandy could not decide whether the stalwart gentleman, whose broad shoulders loomed a foot higher than his own, was making fun of him, or not. Redmond arose and went to another part of the deck, where he read the few lines the girl had written, twisted the torn leaf carelessly and tossed it overboard. From that moment until the time they landed he did not once look toward her; and the baronet sagely concluded that his threat had really frightened the puppy of an American.

Under this belief he recovered his equanimity, making himself so agreeable to the pretty lace-maker in the wooden shoes that every one on deck was smiling at the spectacle.

When the boat finally came alongside the dock which was the terminus of her day's journey, the rich purple of twilight had robbed the distant mountains, and night was settling slowly over the straggling town. Mr. Rhodes was in no hurry to disembark. He stood where he could watch the others do so, waiting for the first pressure to be over. Looking down upon the dock, where two lamps already glimmered, he saw a handsome, portly, eminently respectable appearing personage, of his own nationality, eagerly scanning the passengers. Then he saw the old baronet signal this personage, who immediately made his way on board and up to the spot where the young lady, disguised as a lace-maker, sat trembling.

What passed between the two he did not attempt to overhear; but now made his own way quickly down upon the quay, where he purposefully concealed himself behind a small mountain of freight, waiting and watching until the gentleman returned, with the pretended peasant girl on his arm. They entered a carriage, the baronet went in another, and both were driven off at a rapid rate. Rapid as it was, a third carriage followed as swiftly—for gold will work wonders, and Mr. Rhodes had triple-fed the cabman.

The father did not take his beautiful daughter, dressed in her peasant clothes, to any hotel; but into the oldest, oddest part of the town, close down by the shipping, where the carriage drove under the ancient *porte-cochère* of a tall, tumble-down building, and disappeared in the court-yard; an old building, standing forlorn in a sort of decayed grandeur, in the midst of a crowd of very different buildings, warehouses, tenement-houses, steamboat-offices, and the tag-end of a market.

Mr. Rhodes summoned his own driver to stop at a safe distance from the other two vehicles.

"What house is that whose court-yard they entered?"

"A lodging-house, monsieur—in a poor part, but clean and respectable. It was once very fashionable; but these latter years it is occupied chiefly by the clerks in the warehouses round about."

"Do you suppose I can obtain a room there for a day or two?"

"Oh, undoubtedly, monsieur. I am told the bedding is clean and the place quiet. But *Monsieur le Americain* should go to a finer place."

"Give me the street and number, please."

The cabman gave it, and Redmond wrote it down.

"Now drive me to some office from which I can dispatch a telegram."

A drive of some length brought them to a handsome quarter of the town, where Mr. Rhodes sent his message, took his supper at a restaurant, and was driven back to the vicinity of the house where his acquaintances of the boat had taken refuge.

It was by this time quite late in the evening. Dimming the cab, he proceeded on foot, and rung the bell at the court-yard gate. The *portiere* made his appearance.

"Can I have an apartment here for a day or two?"

"Undoubtedly. Will monsieur walk in? Come this way—I will introduce you to the proprietress."

He was led across the court into the parlor of the little widow who had the letting of the apartments. She could give him his choice of several beautiful, charming suites; and she took up a candle and led the way up a neatly-kept, but somber and ancient stairway.

"Give me rooms as near as possible to those of the other Americans who arrived this evening," said Redmond, as he followed after her up the floor-worn stone stairs, dimly lighted by the one flaring candle which preceded him.

"Ah! monsieur," rejoined the widow, pausing at the first landing, and sighing heavily, "those people disappointed me cruelly. They looked at my rooms, but they were not suited, and went away, after I almost felt the price of them in my palm. I hope monsieur will not treat me so badly."

Foiled! Redmond Rhodes drew a long breath, but checked the inclination to swear, as this certainty was borne in upon him. Those two men had been more cunning than he. Foreseeing that he would track them, they had led him off on a false trail.

"Do you know where they went to find apartments?"

"I have no more idea than I have of heaven, monsieur. But you will not disappoint me about the rooms?"

"If they suit, I will remain here for the present," a resolution on which Redmond afterward congratulated himself!

CHAPTER XVIII.  
AU REVOIR.

DESERTED! Terrible word for the wife of six weeks! When Florence came out of that deadly swoon, she saw, through the blackness which still partially obscured her vision, the cold, heartless glance of Madame Florian fixed upon her, and shrank from it as from the sting of a reptile, reclosing her eyes and sinking back on the satin cushions of the sofa where she had been placed, with the one wish that she might never again have to open them and face a weary, wicked world.

But the boon of death, so often prayed for as rashly as piteously, could not be hers for the asking. By her own vanity and folly—though not by any crime—she had opened the door to a long train of evils likely to pursue her through the whole of a life as yet so fresh and young. She had done wrong in coming to New York as she did—done wrong in meeting Fraser Harold surreptitiously, as she had done—done wrong in marrying him when she saw how he hesitated about making her his wife. The last fault was the most forgivable, because "she loved much"—that she *did* love her husband truly and with the whole of her ill-governed, passionate nature, was her redeeming virtue.

"I hope mademoiselle will make an effort to control herself; as, if she feels well enough to attempt it, I must insist on her leaving my house to-night. She knows that, had I not been imposed on, I should never have allowed her to take apartments here."

"Why do you call a married lady mademoiselle? And why do you speak to her in that insolent manner?" demanded young Ward, angrily; he had waited, in anxiety and distress, for Florence's recovery from her swoon.

"She can answer that question better than I can. When her protector leaves her, because of the visits of another gentleman, I think I am justified in giving the lady warning."

"That man, who *should* have been her protector, and is not, is her husband, madame; and I am an old friend of her family who have known her since she was a child in frocks. I came to her to bring her word of her mother's death. Beware! there are courts where foul-mouthed slander is punished; as I, a lawyer, chanced to know. That her husband should have gone off in a fit of jealous rage, because he saw me here, without waiting for an explanation of my visit, shows him to be—what he is. But it does not make it safe for you to insult this lady."

"Very well, sir; I have no wish to insult her, as you call it. You will not deny my right to ask her to vacate my apartments, after the gentleman who engaged them for her has told me that he will no longer be responsible for the price of them?"

"Certainly not. But," after a minute's reflection, "they are paid for in advance; you cannot turn her out to-night; and I do not propose to seek another place for her at an unreasonable, suspicious hour."

"They are paid for by the week; there are yet two days remaining. I did not think of that; I thought only of the reputation of my house," quickly rejoined the wily madame, afraid that this gentleman might find out the truth, viz.: that Mr. Fraser, as he met her in the lower hall, had tossed a handful of bills to her, saying: "Here is a month's pay in advance; allow Mrs. Fraser to remain here that length of time;" for Harold—who had all the baseness of his class—had also their scorn of meanness in money matters.

"Oh, Charlie, Charlie!" moaned the deserted wife, again striving to lift her head from the cushions where she lay, like some splendid flower which has been gathered, admired, and tossed aside to wilt and die, "this is horrible! Do not let that woman look at me—speak to me! Oh, to think that Fraser can subject me to such treatment! Charlie, it is more than I can bear! It makes me hate him! As it made me hate my father, to find out what he was and how he had treated my mother, it makes me hate Fraser. Come! I will go away from here to-night. I will go in the Quaker dress and bonnet, in which I came to this wicked city. I will not wear a thing he has given me—I will not eat another mouthful of food for which he has paid! Never! I will not! I will not!" She had staggered to the floor, and stood there, in one of her old, characteristic attitudes, stamping her tiny foot, while the dark eyes blazed in the white face.

"I don't wonder you feel so, dear Florrie," said Charlie, soothingly, gently forcing her to sit down, "and you shall go away from here as quickly as possible; but not to-night. It is already after ten o'clock. If Madame D'Eglantine had not gone abroad, I should have a motherly friend to whom I could take you."

"Oh, not to her, either!" cried Florence, shuddering.

"Yes, to her. I know that she would gladly be a mother to you—and Violet a sister. I only wish they were here."

Florence turned her face to the wall; she had cherished a feeling of resentment, dislike, envy, toward those two; to accept favors from them would be intolerable! Her own mother was dead—she felt herself utterly friendless on the face of the earth, except for Charlie Ward, whom she half despised. Her situation, in her own eyes, was even more terrible than it was in reality, though unhappy enough at the best. To die—to die!—that was all she wanted, in the first bitter hour of her mocked love, her injured pride, her desolation. She turned her face to the wall in silence, rejecting the very idea that Violet, or Violet's mother, could be any help to her.

"Well, I will say good-night, Mrs. Fraser," added Charlie, after waiting in vain for her to speak. "I will call at nine in the morning, and to-morrow I hope to find some safe and pleasant home for you—even if you have to return to Lycurgus to obtain it," and he went away.

"Good-night, Mrs. Fraser; I hope you feel better; and if you are ill, or need anything, call me, and I will be ready to serve you," and Madame Florian, thinking she might have been unwisely in haste to get rid of her patron, went out with a less insistent air than she had worn on entering.

And so the deserted bride was left to bear, as she might, her sorrows.

"Return to Lycurgus! accept aid from Madame D'Eglantine! friendship from my half-sister! a dowry forced from Madame D'Eglantine by the machinations of my father! poor, foolish Charlie!—you do not know the one you thus seek to comfort—comfort, by heaping coals of fire on my head and heart! No one understands me!" muttered Florence, and then—whether it was merely from habit, or whether she thus came into closer communion with her best friend, herself—she arose, staggered to one of the tall mirrors and stood looking at her own pale face—into her own great, burning, sleepless eyes.

"No one understands me," she repeated, to those eyes. "I cannot act like others. I cannot be tame, self-repressed, patient, prudent. I must do all, dare all, risk all, feel all, whether I suffer or am happy—live or die. I married Fraser Harold at my own risk. I knew the perils that awaited me—perils of weariness, loathing, desertion—but I loved him, and I chose to take the chances of my father's poor, foolish Charlie!—you do not know the one you thus seek to comfort—comfort, by heaping coals of fire on my head and heart! No one understands me!" muttered Florence, and then—whether it was merely from habit, or whether she thus came into closer communion with her best friend, herself—she arose, staggered to one of the tall mirrors and stood looking at her own pale face—into her own great, burning, sleepless eyes.

"Am I to sit down in a corner and weep out my days? Not I. It was a mad game, from the first—a mad, reckless game; and it shall be played to the end in the same way it was begun."

A bottle of wine, which she had ordered in anticipation of a visit from her husband, was



sitting on a small stand close at hand. She poured a little into the slender glass beside it, and drank it, for a deadly faintness was again coming over her. Then she threw herself into an arm-chair to think. She had not sat there five minutes before she sprang up, went quickly into her bedchamber, from which in a short time she emerged, wearing the Quaker garb in which she had first left home. At his last visit Fraser had forgotten his latch-key, and it was now in her possession. She glanced at the clock—it was nearly eleven. Slipping noiselessly down-stairs, she let herself out at the hall door and walked rapidly on until she reached a car which would take her to the vicinity of Fraser's club house.

As she drew near the building a party of gentlemen were coming down the steps; the one she looked for was among them, and she withdrew around the corner until they had passed, when she walked softly after them, so near as to overhear their conversation.

"Then it is arranged that we take the seven P. M. lightning express, to-morrow evening?" asked her husband's voice.

"If you can be ready, that will be agreeable to us."

"Oh, I can get ready. If I fall short, in my arrangements, I can complete my outfit in St. Louis. You say we shall be gone two months?"

"At least—perhaps ten weeks. We have a famous guide engaged to meet us at St. Louis. We ought to press on, at once, so as to have the whole of October and November for our sport."

"Well, you may count on me. I shall meet you at the train, to-morrow evening, if I do not see you through the day. I made the most of my purchases to-day; but have still a few things more to look after. Good-night," and the group broke up, going its various ways.

So! he had planned to leave her, even before he came and got up that scene because Charlie was giving her back her ring! He had "made most of his purchases" already! If any one could have seen the little face under the Quaker bonnet then, its expression would have startled him. Such flashing orbs, such vicious little teeth pressed into ruby lips, were seldom seen under the prim shadow of that emblem of peace.

In half an hour Florence Harold was safe in the shelter of her apartments again. The first thing she did when she had thrown off her bonnet and drab shawl, was to take from her dressing bureau the little box in which she kept her money and jewels, and to carefully count her loose cash. Then she walked up and down, up and down, with a velvet tread, like some beautiful panther in its tireless cage, until she had worn herself so completely out that when she did fling herself on her silken-draped bed, sleep came and gave her rest.

Charlie Ward, meanwhile, had gone on his way with mingled feelings of sorrow and joy. Deeply sympathizing with the injured wife; indignant with the rich scoundrel who had sacrificed her to his caprices; sorry that she had so wrecked her bright and promising life, Charlie could not but have, also, a feeling of gladness that he had discovered Florence, and could so telegraph to Mr. Vernon on the morrow. It was his intention to also notify Mr. Goldsborough's agent; so the prospect was most promising that he should, very soon, have tidings of Violet, as Mr. Goldsborough had assured her friends they should have when Florence was found and the sum secured which he had demanded.

How much delight this prospect gave Charlie would hardly be inferred from the patience with which he had worked and waited. But love like his, unselfish, deep and enduring, is the love on which it is safe for a girl to build her enchanted castles of future happiness. The thought that, in a few weeks, Violet would return in her mother's company, and he could show her his hand without the sting, and make to her a full explanation of how he was tricked into wearing it, made his spirits light as thistle-down, despite his sympathy for Florence.

He was back at Madame Florian's at the appointed time. Early as it was, Mrs. Harold was dressed and ready to receive him. She was elegantly attired, in carriage toilet, hat and gloves already donned. She looked a little pale and heavy-eyed, but more beautiful than ever. Charlie mutely wondered, as he feasted his eyes on her, how any man could be indifferent, much less cruel, to this lovely little lady.

"Charlie," she said, as soon as he entered, "you can do nothing for me until I have seen what I can do for myself. I am going—as soon as the carriage arrives for which I have sent—to call on Mr. Harold's family. I know where they reside. I shall tell them I am Fraser's wife. If they receive me kindly and honorably, offer me a home with them, and promise to use their influence to have Fraser do right by me, I shall remain with them until his return from the West. If they do not believe my story, or treat me with indignity, then—I have another plan. Will you excuse me, now, and call again at five o'clock this afternoon?"

"I think you do well to assert yourself to his family," answered Charlie. "They must be made to admit your rights. I was about to propose that you should go to them, first." The clattering of the carriage on the stones below warned them of its arrival, and he led her down and placed her in it.

"Au revoir," she said, with a sudden smile on her pale face.

"Shall I not go with you?" he asked anxiously. "No, no. I prefer to be alone. Farewell, till five o'clock," and he shut the door, and gave the sign to the driver to proceed.

The day seemed a long one to Charlie Ward; he went to see Mr. Blank, sent off his cable dispatch to Mr. Vernon, following it by a long letter; and still there were hours to dispose of before the time for calling again on Mrs. Harold. He admired the courage which had enabled her to go alone, with only her youth and beauty to support her important claims, to the haughty family of her husband; and he wondered, with vivid interest, what the result of the interview would be.

At five o'clock, to the minute, he was at Madame Florian's door. A servant met him, and in answer to his request, told him that Mrs. Fraser had gone away from the house, two hours previously, with all her baggage.

"But she left a note for you, if you are Mr. Ward."

Charlie took the missive which the servant handed him and went down the steps in a sort of stupor. It was some minutes before he broke the seal, and standing on the inhospitable pavement, read this brief note:

"DEAR CHARLIE:—The Harolds treated me as an impostor. There is but one thing for me to do—follow my husband. I can not accept charity from Madame D'Eglantine; but, if it will do Violet any good, you can inclose this note to my father, with the earnest request that he will cease to trouble her, and my assurance, that, being the happy bride of a worthy gentleman, I do not need the dower he is so good as to try to secure for me! God bless you, Charlie—you have been a true friend. And may I bless papa, too. Tell him I forgive him, and hope we shall meet in Heaven, if not here. Do not fret about me. I am only going to Fraser."

Your friend  
"FLORENCE GOLDENROUGH HAROLD."  
(To be continued—commenced in No. 330.)

## SUMMER DAYS.

Oh, summer days, bright summer days,  
How kind you are and cheery!  
We think of you when harsh winds blow,  
When times are sad and dreary.  
We long for your benignant smile  
When rain and clouds are falling—  
Fond memories of summers past  
In tender words recalling.

You come at last—but ah, too soon  
The flowers you bring are dying,  
Dark clouds again are overhead,  
Dead leaves around are lying.  
The little birds who love you well  
Are grieved because you fall them;  
The wounded plants hang down their heads,  
For cruel frosts assail them.

Why does the lovely summer die,  
With her bewitching flowers?  
And why do we with fond regret  
Count o'er her happy hours?  
Why must we part with all fair things,  
And spend our time in longing,  
While hopes and fears and memories  
In bursting hearts are thronging?

Oh, summer has her blossoms bright,  
Her sunshine and her singing,  
But there are plants of heavenly growth  
In human bosoms springing—  
Seedlings that endure the autumn blasts  
And wintry desolation,  
No less than summer's glorious sun  
And spring's sweet consolation.

## The Sword Hunters;

OR,  
THE LAND OF THE ELEPHANT RIDERS.

A Sequel to "Lance and Lasso."

BY CAPT. FREDERICK WHITTAKER,  
AUTHOR OF "RED RAJAH," "IRISH CAPTAIN,"  
"LANCE AND LASSO," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XIX.

#### THE ELEPHANT RIDERS.

THREE days after this, the caravan of the Sword Hunters and their American allies entered a tremendous pass between the two fly-peaks of the Snow Mountains. The scene around them was indescribably grand. Behind them lay the dark, rolling waves of the Black Hills, safely passed, and on each side of them towered a perpendicular wall of rock, shutting in the passage exactly like the canons of America. Above them, the mountains towered away on either side, into regions of eternal snow, and the conical shape of one of them announced that it was an extinct volcano.

The pass was about a quarter of a mile in breadth, and through the center of it ran a cool rippling stream, bordered with very scanty, pale-tinted grass, for the walls of rock shut up so high, that even the breadth of the pass did not admit a full glare of sunlight, and the pale, sickly vegetation showed the effects of want of light.

The caravan was gathered into military order, marching along by the bank of the stream. In front rode Manuel and the six Hamraus, three of whom were mounted on the female onagras. All were armed with revolvers, and bore their razor-like swords, ready for use. The camel-drivers, with their muskets on their shoulders, trudged on either flank beside their camels, under command of Jack Curtis. Bullard brought up the rear, with a rabble of naked Baboos, who had accompanied them from curiosity and greed, having heard wonderful stories of the power of the white men's rifles to slay elephants, and so procure abundance of food.

They were now almost within sight of the "hidden country," and every heart beat high at the thought, that around the next curve in the pass the view of that wondrous land would burst on them.

Manuel could no longer restrain his impatience. He darted off at full speed, till the blue sky began to show through the gap, and then pulled up at the edge of an abrupt descent, lost in wonder.

The scene was all, and more than he expected. Below him, at a distance of some two thousand feet, a broad, beautiful river wound its way along by the foot of the mountain range on a spur of which he stood, and then meandered off toward the east, through a rolling plain, dotted with white villages and parceled into fields, where the usual luxuriance of tropical vegetation seemed to have been pruned and trained down with a picture of perfect luxury. A network of white roads intersected the country, and every little eminence seemed to boast of a lordly mansion.

On the other side of the river, down to whose very banks it stretched, stood a large city, with broad, paved streets and numerous white temples; and from his lofty elevation Manuel could count five more cities, in different directions.

Eagerly he unsling his telescope, and examined them, to see if his conjecture as to the architecture was correct. But no. It was not Egyptian in style. There was a grace and finish about it worthy of the best periods of Greek art, with all the massive solidity of the old monuments of Memphis and Thebes. And there were other features about it resembling the Hindoo, notably so the introduction of carved elephants in many places to support the roofs instead of columns. The roofs themselves were flat, and appeared to be used as promenades, while bridges seemed to be thrown from house-top to house-top over the principal streets.

But the thing that most excited the gaze of the attention was the presence of a large body of elephants, who appeared to be under perfect military training, and were going through their exercise on a great open field by the city on the river. They were all loaded with armed men, whose weapons glittered in the sun, and seemed to be divided into parties of ten, which formed columns, and wheeled into lines with great precision. When Manuel saw the troops of obedient creatures, so powerful and grand, and counted fifty separate troops of ten for the first time his heart seemed to fail him, as he thought over his pigmy means of resistance to such a powerful body of men and animals, should they refuse him admittance.

And yet he was determined to persevere. The very grandeur of everything only made him more set to discover what really lay in this hitherto unknown country. He had come so far, and had seen the hidden country from the mountains; and now he was determined to press forward.

As he sat on his onagra, gazing at the scene below, Abou Hassan rode up alongside and uttered an exclamation of wonder.

"Allah Kerim!" he cried; "it is true, after all. The people that ride on elephants are there, and we have seen them."

"Will you dare to go forward with me then?" asked Manuel. "Do you not fear such a great people?"

"I fear nothing that my white brother fears not," said the Arab, proudly. "The Hidden People have elephants, but we have swords and guns. I will ride on with my white brother. After all, they may not be so bad as they are called. The Baboos were called robbers, and they are but beggars."

Manuel felt reassured at the confident tone of the Arab, and the whole caravan was soon

up, and halted in the pass, gazing down at the wonderful sight below. It was a most picturesque scene, from both points of view, the gayly-clothed Arabs, and the loaded camels of their brightly-striped housings, the glittering arms of the horsemen in the pass on one side, and below the serried squadrons of elephants moving in order by the walls of the mysterious white city.

The pass ended where they were, and the road was nothing but a steep incline of bare rock, made very slippery and dangerous in the middle by the little stream which trickled over its face, and formed green carpets of moss along its course as it spread out.

It became evident that all their further progress must be made in full view of the people of the "hidden country." The descent was at least two thousand feet perpendicularly, and lay at an angle of not more than forty-five degrees straight down. But a narrow path appeared to have been cut in former times, just sufficient to admit of the camels going single file, which ran zig-zag across the face of the rock, and into this path Manuel rode boldly, calling to his men to follow.

Before the caravan had half-emerged from the pass it was perceived from below.

Manuel saw the great regiment of elephants cease its evolutions. Then came the distant note of a trumpet, remarkably deep and sonorous, which sounded a long and complicated signal. The elephants broke into a long column, marched solemnly down to the river, and drew up in line along the bank, while a horseman who had been hovering among the troop unperceived, went off at full speed to the city.

That city itself appeared to be aroused as if by magic at the news. The white house-tops became black with people in a few minutes, and all eyes appeared to be turned on the venturesome caravan, which quietly pursued its way meanwhile down the face of the rock.

Still the Sword Hunters kept on; and presently, out of the gate of the city, which was walled, trooped a narrow stream of horsemen, who glittered from head to foot in bright, burnished armor. The stream grew broader, and the men galloped out, forming squadrons a hundred broad, with as much regularity as any civilized horsemen Manuel had seen. They all bore long lances, and looked sufficiently formidable, as they moved in straight, unbroken lines.

"Hello! here comes the mud-mashers!" cried Tom Bullard, as out of a second gate, near the water, issued a glittering column of infantry, with spears and huge shields and helmets. "Golly, fellows! They're turning out the whole empire to keep us out. What'll we do?"

"Keep on," said Curtis, carelessly. "Now we're in for it; let's see what those fellows are made of. They've no guns."

"What do you call those?" interrupted Bullard, pointing to the field below. As he spoke, the columns of horse and foot appeared to be ended; and out of the first gate came, at a slinging trot, a long file of camels, each of which bore on its back a strange-looking machine, which appeared to be nothing more than a gigantic cross-bow, the bow being from ten to twenty feet in length. Each camel carried a rider, and was accompanied by a horseman in armor.

"By Jove!" ejaculated Curtis; "here's antiquity with a vengeance. It reminds me of old Wolcott and his lessons in Polybius at school. What are they going to do with those machines?"

"Shoot us, I suppose," answered Bullard, coolly. "Wish 'em joy. I guess we could pick 'em all off from here, without stirring another peg."

Manuel said not a word. He rode on ahead, revolving plans of entering the "hidden country" without fighting, if possible, considering the enormous odds against any such attempt.

"Oh! for a single piece of artillery!" he mentally cried. "We could put them all to flight in a single minute if we could drop a shell in among them. But we have none, so we must do the best we can."

By the time the caravan had reached the foot of the mountain, there was a force of several thousand men accumulated on the other side of the river, waiting in silence the advent of the strangers. The stream was about three hundred yards broad here, and there were many boats on the other side. Manuel halted his party on the river bank, bid them bring their weapons to bear on the men with the camels, whom he feared most, and went down himself, accompanied by the two Baboos, whom he had retained for interpreters, to hail the enemy.

Appearances were decidedly menacing when he arrived. A long row of kneeling camels was opposite, and on their backs were the huge crossbows, bent, with arrows about eight feet long leveled at him and his party. Obviously the enemy must have confidence in their crossbows carrying all that distance, so that missile weapons were about on an equality.

Manuel held up his open hand, with the palm toward the strangers, as if to show them that he was unarmed. Then he sounded a long call on a bugle which he always carried by his side, and beckoned, as if to invite a parley.

There was a slight stir among the strangers, and presently a magnificent barge swept out of the crowd at the opposite landing, and advanced to where Manuel stood. It was propelled by twenty paddlers, and had a prow that rose up in the air in front, covered with gilding and carving, to a height of at least twelve feet. Standing on a little hidden platform on the very top of this prow, and leaning on a richly-ornamented spear, was a beautiful woman in a gorgeous dress, which at once recalled to Manuel all his ideas of the great Cleopatra.

The lady was nearly white, only the faintest tint of olive marking the difference of her race from the Europeans. In fact, she was no darker than Manuel himself, hardly so dark. Her face revealed her ancestry perfectly. It had all the severe regularity of feature, with a soft sensuousness of outline, that marks the face of the mysterious Sphinx and the granite Memnon. The long almond-shaped eyes, large, dark and swimming, the full red lips, the firm round chin, the oval face, framed in heavy masses of black hair, straight and silky, glistening blue in the sun, all were purely Egyptian. The hood-like head-dress of gold cloth, gleaming with jewels, and crowned with a single white ostrich feather, the long robes that left the arm bare to the shoulder, and revealed the feet in front, while trailing far behind, proclaimed the high rank of the lady; and Saki, the Baboola interpreter, whispered to Manuel:

"It is Queen Lalamina, the queen of yonder city. She is a great queen among the Maimonides."

Manuel had no time to inquire the meaning of his words, when the gorgeous barge swept up close to him, and the beautiful queen stood looking at him with a strange glance, mingled of curiosity, admiration, and distrust.

Manuel was a handsome young fellow enough, by this time. He was about nineteen, and his mustache was quite respectable. He had dressed himself in a handsome sporting dress of dark velvet on that day, on purpose to look imposing, thinking to overawe half-civilized men.

The dress stood him in good stead with this exquisitely beautiful lady. She looked at him with surprise, and opening her beautiful lips, addressed him in a strange tongue, which seemed to be composed entirely of liquids and vowels, as it fell from her mouth. But, unfortunately, Manuel could not understand a word, and was compelled to turn for assistance to the wild Baboola, who acted as interpreter.

Saki, the one who understood the queen, swelled with importance, as he translated into his own gibberish, and Toka, the second interpreter, was even more important in his own capacity, though still in mortal terror of the Elephant Riders over the river, with the strange engines of war.

"The queen of Lamphis salutes you," he translated; "and wants to know wherefore you come by the pass, never before trod by stranger in fifty years."

"Tell her," said Manuel, impulsively, "that I came to see those beautiful eyes of hers, whose fame has gone over the whole world."

Queen Lalamina smiled when she heard it.

### CHAPTER XX.

#### QUEEN LALAMINA.

QUEEN LALAMINA smiled as the Baboola interpreter gave her the message from Manuel's lips. It was an audacious fib, but it had leaped to Manuel's tongue before he knew what he said, and it produced a good effect. The queen looked upon Manuel, and much to his surprise, addressed him in excellent Arabic, which she had first heard him speak.

"The young stranger is too bold. Does he not know the laws of the Maimonides? It is death for any one of the outer world to cross the river of the north, unasked. It is only as a slave that he can cross it, even by invitation."

"Consider me, then, as your slave, lovely Lalamina," said Manuel, eagerly; "or rather as your friend, who can help you in your wars with the Felatahs, show you how to make guns, and teach you all the wisdom of the world."

Again the queen smiled, this time contemptuously. "There is no wisdom in the world, outside of the children of Memnon," she said. "Twenty thousand years ago there were Faraons in Soraphis, and we were kings of the world then."

This was all enigmatic to Manuel, except that he understood that the queen was "blowing," to use Bullard's expression.

"Can the children of Memnon bring yonder city here to us, so that one can count the stones in the walls?" he asked, pointing to the city of Lamphis, about half a mile off, and adjusting his telescope as he spoke.

"Nay," assented the queen; "no more canst thou."

"Behold, then," said Manuel, and he handed her the telescope, guessing at the similarity of their eyesight. It so happened that he was right. The beautiful queen took the telescope without a sign of fear, looked through it at the city, and uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"It is close by," she cried. "I can tell the faces on the walls. This is a wonderful instrument."

"And can your people make the lightning weapons of the Felatahs?" pursued Manuel, slinging his telescope again.

"We do not wish to," answered the queen, haughtily. "It is not the custom of the Maimonides to war with evil spirits, and steal flames from the place of torment."

"And yet," said Manuel, "if one were to come to you and show you how to make weapons that would throw fire, and show you that there was no mystery in it, but only a compound of three things, all of which are good for fire, you would not call it by such a name. I come from many moons' journey away from here, and my people can make bigger weapons than ever you saw. We have great guns that would hurl a mass of iron, as heavy as three men, from here, far over the walls of your city, and could batter it to pieces from where we stand, without going a foot nearer. I come from those people to see the queen of Lamphis, and offer her our friendship. She will do well not to reject it."

The queen listened attentively, and answered:

"For a stranger, you promise fairly, but how can I be sure of your words? Strangers come to our country once, many thousands of years ago, when our fathers dwelt by the great river of the east, and they drove us from our own land. Till then we welcomed all strangers, but since then we have kept them out for our own safety."

"And you are right, great queen," said Manuel, who recognized the legend of the conquest of Egypt in her words. "But we come to dwell among you as friends, to become part of you, and to teach you how to conquer your enemies. Why should you treat us as enemies? You have had Arabs among you, or how could you have learned to speak their language?"

"I learned from my slave," said the queen, haughtily. "The children of Memnon learn all languages, and have slaves of all nations to teach them."

"Then let us be the first friends you admit," said Manuel, softly. "We want nothing from you but friendship, and we offer you power over all your enemies, and the knowledge of the great nations of the earth. You yourself, great queen, are but one among many. You have but one city. I could make you ruler over all the rest. Now you pay tribute to others. Then they will pay tribute to you."

He seemed to have struck the right chord—ambition—at last. Saki had told him that the Elephant Riders had kings and queens in each city, who had to pay tribute to the great Faraon—evidently another word for Pharaoh—in the capital city of all. Queen Lalamina hesitated. Then she said:

"Send back your servants, that I may speak with you alone. You are, no doubt, a prince in your own country."

"There are three of us, said Manuel; "and we belong to the princes of our own land, for we have no master."

Which was true enough, you know, for every American citizen is a prince to himself, and owns no master.

"Let your brothers advance, then," said the queen; "and send your men back."

Manuel ordered back his attendants, and beckoned forward Bullard and Curtis, who came up, dressed in their best clothes, and mounted on their fleet onagras. The queen gazed at them steadfastly, and seemed to be especially pleased with the bold, determined face of Tom Bullard. Manuel, in a few words, told them of what he had said, and then resumed his pleadings with the queen.

"We will teach you all we know," he said; "and show you how to make steel swords like these"—and he showed his own—"and we have with us three of the famous Sword Hunters, who can slay even an elephant with their blades, if you will only allow us to be your friends."

Queen Lalamina seemed not to hear him. She was looking at Tom Bullard. Suddenly she asked him:

"And what can you do, Prince Lion-face?" Tom was surprised and flattered at the epithet. He was a shrewd fellow, and thought that a little bragging would do no harm.

"I can fight any twelve of your men," he said, laughing; "and kill them all, if you'll give me an open field."

The queen looked gravely at Manuel. "Is Prince Lion-face jesting with us?" she asked, quite vexed; "or can he do what he says, Prince Ox-eye?"

Manuel smiled. "He can do it easily. He, and each of us, carries the life of twelve men at his girdle. And if you should trust to your elephants, we could put them to flight at once, from where we stand."

"And if I permit you to cross," said the queen, hesitatingly, "will you assist me against all my enemies, who are many?"

"We will," said Tom Bullard, boldly. "I'm the fellow who can show your men how to fight, and Jack, here, can help me."

The queen looked at them, doubtfully. "You say you can put my elephants to flight from here," she said. "Let me see you do it, and I will believe you, and you shall be my friends. But my men must be free to shoot you, if they can. If you can show me what you say, I will trust you; if not, I will kill you all, except Prince Lion-face, and he shall be my slave."

The proposition was somewhat startling, for at the same minute the queen gave a signal to her paddlers, and the boat shot away over the river. It became necessary to fight at once.

But Manuel had been prepared for this. The caravan had already been headed round toward the summit of the pass, and, at a blast from Manuel's bugle, the whole line trotted off. It was just in time that they did so. There was heard the loud, hoarse blast of the great trumpet on the other side of the river, and the next moment a shower of the huge arrows, shot from the cross-bows, rattled against the wall of rock behind them, proving that the range of the weapons was beyond that of a pistol, for the distance was at least two hundred yards. But if the range was good, the aim was poor, and the experience satisfied Manuel that he had not much to fear while in motion. While the caravan kept on, he turned round and surveyed his enemy. The camel-men were winding up the winches of the huge cross-bows again, an operation that consumed a great deal of time. Manuel halted, jumped off his onagra, drew up his rifle, and took deliberate aim at the middle of the line of elephants.

He had put a shell into his rifle, and saw it crack on an elephant's forehead, as soon as he had fired. Bullard and Curtis followed his example, sending shell after shell into the huge targets, and before they had fired six rounds the effect became apparent. Although the distance was too great for the shells to penetrate deep enough to kill the elephants, they grew very uneasy, and as shot after shot peaked out, inflicting stinging wounds, they and their drivers alike grew frightened and unmanageable. First one great beast turned and dashed among his companions, mad with pain, and then the rest caught the panic, and rushed off toward the city, knocking over camels, cavalry, and everything in their way, and spreading a wild stampede. The rapid fire of breech-loading rifles, and the terrible rifle-shells, small and insignificant as they looked, put the whole of that formidable force to flight in a few minutes, for they were powerless to return a shot, save by the camel cross-bows, and the elephants had overturned them in their panic flight.

Manuel and his companions rode down again to the side of the river, and found nothing left to oppose them that they need fear at that distance. The cavalry and infantry were still there, but there were such indications of wavering among them, that Manuel felt convinced that a few shots would put them all to flight. These shots he was not going to fire. He had awed the Elephant Riders with his power, but he did not wish to excite their vengeance by killing a single man. He and his friends waited quietly at the ferry, and they had not long to wait. Before they had finished wiping out their rifle-barrels, the gorgeous barge swept slowly out to meet them, and Manuel noticed that the paddlers all seemed to be in mortal terror, while the face of the queen was by no means as haughty as it had been.

"Now, great queen," cried Tom Bullard, "do you think we can cross the river, if we chose to, in spite of your army? Say the word, and we'll send the men into the city, after the elephants and camels."

"I believe your words," said the queen, with unwonted humility. "You have the powers of the gods, and can destroy us. We crave your friendship."

"You shall have it," said Manuel, courteously. "We offer it now as freely as before. Will you send over your boats to carry us across?"

"I will," said the queen. "Will not the Lion Prince enter my boat, to see it done?"

She indicated Bullard as she spoke, by a wave of her hand. Tom was delighted, for the queen's beauty had taken great hold on his susceptible heart, already. He stepped into the boat with alacrity, and was conducted by the beautiful queen to a seat under a canopy at the stern.

"Good-by, Jack!" he called out. "Good-by, Wiseman! I'm going to be king of the country now, and marry Queen Lalamina."

And indeed it seemed not unlikely, for Queen Lalamina appeared to have fallen desperately in love with Tom at first sight. From that moment there was no more difficulty about crossing the river. Boats and barges came sweeping out by the dozen from the city of Lamphis, and the caravan of the Sword Hunters was ferried over to the further bank and taken to the water-stairs of the city. But they saw no more of Tom Bullard for a long time. The queen seemed to have taken possession of him for good, and Manuel and Curtis felt not a little anxious.

They were reassured, however, by the magnificent reception that awaited them at Lamphis. Broad, massive staircases of stone led up from the water, and the travelers passed through lofty archways into a street that seemed made of palaces and temples. Sumptuously dressed guards awaited them in long lines, and they passed along over streets paved with marble, till they arrived in front of the "Palace of the Strangers," as they were informed it was called.

Here, surrounded by crowds of obsequious slaves, who waited on them as if they had been gods, they passed the rest of the afternoon, and still no news of Tom Bullard, and no sight of the queen. About an hour before sunset, however, they received an invitation to visit the queen, and, accordingly, Manuel assumed his gayest dress, military uniform, and Curtis attired himself in a handsome Turkish costume. Both armed themselves with their revolvers and sabers, and mounted their beautiful onagras, which were loaded with gorgeous trappings. Abou Hassan remained in charge of the caravan in the palace, with strict orders to



allow no straggling away as yet, for Manuel felt a little uneasy at his position in the midst of a powerful city, the people of which might be treacherous foes, for all he knew. Selim and Abdullah accompanied the two friends, and they carried sabers and revolvers, so that Manuel felt safe against immediate treachery.

The little party found a large squadron of cavalry waiting for them in the street, men clothed in brazen armor of chain-work, with conical helmets and long lances.

The cavalry seemed to have been sent as a mark of compliment for an escort, for they fell in behind in regular order, and their commanding officer, in very good Arabic, told Manuel that he was sent to show them the way to the palace.

They rode through streets, crowded with people in almost the same dress as that figured on the Egyptian sculptures thousands of years ago; and arrived at last at the entrance to the palace. This was grand beyond conception, a gateway of hewn stone nearly a hundred feet high, in front of a long avenue of sphinxes, which were backed by a second avenue of huge stone elephants with castles on their backs, the whole over a thousand feet long. Between the colossal statues were planted palm trees, which gave a pleasant shade; and at the end of the avenue was the pile of white marble buildings, which composed the palace of Queen Lalamina.

The friends dismounted at the doorway, which was as large as a three-story house, and entered a grand hall, surrounded with columns, at the further end of which was a glittering assemblage of people gathered round a great white throne. As they entered, a burst of martial music filled the air, and the friends advanced to the throne.

What was their surprise to see there, by the side of the beautiful queen, their old friend Tom, glittering from head to foot in armor of gold, chain-work, a plume of snowy feathers waving from his helmet, while the beautiful Lalamina's arm rested confidently on his shoulder! The queen was so covered with jewels as to dazzle the eye, and the effect of the whole picture was startling.

"It's all up, fellers," said Tom, in his quaint English, with a comical look that sat poorly on his new dignity. "Tain't every day as a feller gets a queen to pop the question to him. I've been and gone and got married. She wouldn't take no for an answer, and says if you fellows want queens you can have 'em for the asking, if you'll only stop here, and teach 'em how to make guns and things. And a feller might do worse; say, now, couldn't he?"

Queen Lalamina spoke in Arabic, saying: "My lord's friends are very welcome to stay with us as long as they like, and if they will help us in our wars, they shall be kings also. I have spoken."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 332.)

## PAN AND MAN.

BY HARVEY HOWARD

The ancient poets tell that Pan,  
From Chaos sprung, half goat, half man;  
For lack of other things to love  
In earth below or heaven above,  
In love with the sweet echo fell  
Of notes that from his own pipe swell.  
And even unto death he pined  
Because he failed his love to find.

Oh, all ye dwellers in the earth,  
Though not of Chaos was your birth,  
Do ye not love and seek to find  
Beings that live but in your mind?  
And falling, turn and yearn and sigh,  
And, sick with sorrow, pine and die,  
Take warning from the fate of Pan,  
And if ye love, love naught but man!

## OLD DAN RACKBACK,

## The Great Exterminator:

### THE TRIANGLE'S LAST TRAIL!

BY OLL COOMES,

AUTHOR OF "HAPPY HARRY," "IDAHO TOM,"  
"DAKOTA DAN," "OLD HURRICANE,"  
"HAWKEYE HARRY," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XLV.

### TWO SURPRISES.

WITHOUT taking a second thought, Kit Bandy at once transferred himself from the ladder to the passage; and upon his hands and knees crept along several yards from the shaft. Then he stopped to listen, but all was silent as death itself. He thought of Ichabod lying dead in the bottom of the pit, and a shiver ran through his frame. Ichabod dead and he—had he been lured into a living grave?

A horrible smothering sensation took possession of him. He gasped for breath and tried to straighten himself. The walls seemed to be closing in upon him. A hot, suffocating air smote his feverish face. A dull, heavy instrument seemed pressing into his brain, and the sensation of floating off into the illimitable followed.

Reader, have you ever experienced this feeling? Were you ever in a close, dark room where breathing was difficult? and where thoughts of the shadows of death were forced upon your confused mind? and while scarcely conscious of existence, seemed floating away into the infinite? If not, you have been spared a terrible feeling, created by excitement and born of a sense of horror—the feeling of gazing up through the gloom of a living grave!

A dim light suddenly flashed before the old detective's eyes, and as his bewildered senses became more collected, a human face was unfolded from the nimbus of light and looked upon him. He recognized the face at once as that of the Princess Aree, the lovely daughter of the robber lieutenant! In her hand she held a light whose rays beat upon his haggard face.

"This way, Kit," she said, without any ceremony whatever.

"Aree!—child!" exclaimed Kit. "I wish to heavens I knew whether I'm going crazy or not. I never felt so queer in all my life."

"This is a dismal hole, Kit," the girl answered, "and it's a long way out of here. Let us get out before your escape by this passage is discovered, or you may have more trouble at the other end than at this. The men have sworn eternal vengeance upon you for deserting them."

"Ay, the bloody hellions," said Kit, bitterly; "they have killed my friend Flea—tumbled him into that accursed pit! If I get out of this, I shall begin a war of extermination upon Prairie Paul's band, for we already have him a prisoner upon the island."

"What?" exclaimed Aree, "have you Prairie Paul a prisoner?"

"We have, by the horn of Joshua; that's what I've been working for over a year. Why, Miss Aree, I bear a commission as captain of a government detective force, and have been working up these outlaw cases to a demonstration. Ichabod Flea was one of my men, but the poor, reckless devil has passed from duty forever."

"Indeed, this is news to me," said Aree.

"No doubt of it; but, Aree, do you know anything of Idaho Tom?"

"Yes; I rescued him from that pit a few minutes ago. He awaits us at the mouth of this passage."

"Oh, horn of Joshua!" exclaimed Kit, "I wish I had room and wasn't afraid of upheaving this hill, and I'd give a terrible shout of joy. Well, well: Tom safe—glorious news."

They followed the passage along for several minutes, when Kit finally discovered they were approaching the entrance by the purity of the air.

Suddenly a figure stepped out from a kind of an alcove in the wall and confronted them. It was the form of Idaho Tom.

"Horn of Joshua!" burst from Kit's lips, as he grasped the extended hand of the young captain of rangers.

"Get to meet you, Kit," said Tom.

The young ranger looked pale and fatigued, in the glare of the garish light.

"They've been using you rough, Tom, I know by your looks," said Bandy.

"They have indeed, Kit, and when I was lowered into that shaft I thought I'd entered my grave."

"It's a dismal hole, Tom; and at the bottom lies my friend Flea, a mangled mass of flesh."

Tom shuddered, and a momentary silence followed.

"I've had enough of adventure in the Black Hills to do me a lifetime," Tom finally said. "If I live to get out of this, I shall settle down into a quiet life. Aree tells me that—Christie Dorne is safe."

"Yes, at last accounts; but what is she to you, Tom?"

"She is my wife," answered Tom.

"Oh, Lord!" exclaimed Kit, "you don't say?"

Aree smiled, though her poor heart lay sad and heavy.

"You married, Idaho Tom? When did you marry?—where?" asked Kit, in astonishment.

"You married us, Kit, over a year and a half ago, in the Blue Ledge Mine."

Kit Bandy started aghast. Dumb with surprise, he stared at Idaho Tom.

Tom laughed softly at his astonishment, then asked:

"Don't you believe it, Kit?"

Kit shook his head.

"Don't you remember the nugget of gold shaped like a wolf's head?" Tom asked.

"I do," said Bandy, his features relaxing into a satisfied look; "that was to be the proof of the bridegroom's marriage. Thomas, allow me to congratulate you, for I'll swear to heaven I never dreamed of it being you before. Why didn't you tell me sooner?"

"I—I—well, I didn't want to for a while yet—until I found out what your present avocation might be."

"Horn of Joshua! this explodes the Secret of the Blue Ledge. Well, boy, I can see further than I did. When I was with Christie, I guessed that she knew who I was, but for the life of me, I couldn't get a word out of her."

"Yes, and you remember she fainted when you told the story in the hunters' camp?" said Aree.

"How in thunder do you know she fainted? and that I told a story?" Kit asked, in great surprise.

"I was there."

"I was—Antelope Arth."

"Horn of Joshua! I must be a fool—a pretty detective that can't see so thin a disguise. Well, what next to surprise me?"

"Your wife, Sabina, is in the hills hunting you," persisted Aree; "I met her to-day."

"That's no news, princess; I met her to-night, and if ever a man caught rats, I did. We parted—I outran her, but the Lord only knows when she may drop upon me like a hawk—a hurricane—a painter."

"We had better be getting away from here," said Tom. "Aree tells me the boys are encamped on an island a few miles from here."

"Yes; they are."

"Will you go with us, Aree?"

"Only to the river as guide," she answered.

They filed out of the cavern and with closed lanterns moved away toward the ford. An hour's journeying brought them to the water's edge, where Aree again bid Tom farewell and vanished before he could respond.

Kit led the way along the river toward the point where he and Ichabod had left the boat. As they approached the place they heard a footstep. Both stopped and listened. Some one was near the boat. Was it friend or foe? For a minute they were undecided what course to pursue; then a low, peculiar whistle arrested their attention.

Kit seized Tom by the arm, and the youth could see that he was terribly agitated by the sound he heard.

"Lord!—horn of Joshua!" he exclaimed; "did I hear aright, Tom?"

The whistle was repeated.

A cry burst from old Kit's lips, and he bounded forward and grasped the hand of the man at the boat.

"Great horn of Joshua, Ichabod!" he exclaimed, wringing his friend's hand. "I mourned you as dead—I s'posed you lay smashed flatter than a pancake and deader than Abel in the bottom of that infernal pit."

"Not a bit of it, Christopher Bandy," said Ichabod. "I sprung out of the cabin window, and just as I went out a robber came rushing into the room in the darkness, and fell headlong into the pit."

"Well, verily, the Lord favors us after all, for you are alive, and here's Idaho Tom, Ichabod. Mr. Taylor, my friend, Mr. Flea."

Tom and Ichabod shook hands and congratulated each other on his escape.

Then the trio stepped into the boat, pushed out into the river, turned and moved up the stream.

They had journeyed half the distance to the island, when the terrible clash of firearms came from the direction of the island.

"My great-grandfather!" cried Kit, "they're in trouble at the island—pull, Ichabod, pull for life!"

Ichabod and Kit both being provided with a paddle, sent the craft leaping through the water like the blood through their veins, and as they advanced the sound of battle grew louder, more terrific, more deadly!

## CHAPTER XLVI.

### A HAPPY REUNION.

"THE Indians have got aboard the island," decided Kit, when they had rounded a bend, where they could see the flash of the death-dealing weapons, "and it will be a bloody fight. We must have a hand in it, boys. Pull, Ichabod, pull."

In a minute more they reached the upper side of the island and landed, but by this time the conflict had ended, and the wild, triumphant shouts of the rangers told who were the victors. To this victory was added the joyful tidings of Idaho Tom's safe return, and again the hills flung back, in echoes, the wild shouts that burst from the lips of the rangers.

For some time the most joyful confusion reigned, but the startling information that Prairie Paul had escaped during the conflict in a measure put an end to their rejoicing. How the outlaw captain had escaped, no one knew to a certainty; but the general impression at once prevailed that Qadocq and his wife had released him. During the fight these three had been left alone in the cabin, the half-breeds regarding the struggle and its final result with a cool indifference that was decidedly remarkable.

When accused of releasing the prisoner, and threatened for their meddling, the twain simply denied it, and at the same time manifested no uneasiness whatever.

Dakota Dan rushed into the cabin soon after the conflict was ended and congratulated Tom on his release; and then going to the basket, bent over it, saying:

"The baby's safe, is it? the little coddler! Thomas—Idaho Tom, come here and see what a pet we rough ole bears have got."

Tom came in and looked at the baby.

"Ar'n't he a delicious little sockdolager? Lord! you'd ort to hear him cry and crow, kick and fight. I tell ye, he's a royal little angel of a Bengal tiger. Jist stoop down and let him pull yer whiskers, and fetch ye one atween the eyes with that chubby fist, and then you'll feel like goin' to heaven."

"Horn of Joshua!" exclaimed Kit Bandy, "man—Dan-yil, if you'd ever 'a' been married as I've been, you'd not gush so over an Ingin baby."

"Ingin nothin'!" exclaimed Dan. "Look at it, and if ever you see'd a whiter, purtier, sweeter little angel, tell me of it. That one hangin' thar is red."

"It is a white baby, and how the deuce does it come? Must be somethin' wrong. Ingins, hain't you been stealin'?"

The woman looked at the man, who shook his head, demurely.

"It's no use whinin', boys; that baby has no business here," said the old detective; "look at its clothes and its face, for evidence of good parentage. And, dogged if I haven't seen some one it resembles; and who can it be? and he pressed his brow reflectively.

Meanwhile, Darcy Cooper and the rangers, assisted by Snowball, the darkey, and chabod Flea, were looking after the safety of the island, and removing the bodies of the enemies who had fallen in the late conflict. When this was done, half a dozen guards were posted at different points around the island, and every precaution taken to prevent another surprise.

Dakota Dan and Kit Bandy, however, could not remain quiet on the island, and nothing would do but that they must go ashore and watch the movement of the enemy. Kit vowed his intention of recapturing Prairie Paul if he had to stay in the hills ten years. He had promised to deliver the outlaw chief, dead or alive, to the government authorities, and he meant to do it.

The two old scouts embarked in a canoe, going down the river. They did not use a paddle, but for safety, permitted the craft to float at the current's will. In this manner they journeyed on over a mile from the island, Kit Bandy relating his adventures of the night as they went. He told Dan, also, of the secret of the Blue Ledge Mine, and it was with no little astonishment that the old ranger received the news of Idaho Tom's marriage with Christie Dorne.

Finally they turned in toward the west shore, and as they approached the bank, Humility, whom his master had taken along, set up a low cry of alarm.

Enjoining silence upon the animal, they listened, and to their surprise, heard some one speaking in a subdued tone on shore. Both were too cautious to make any sound by which an enemy might obtain a knowledge of their position; but had decided to allow their boat to drift beyond danger, when a voice called out:

"Halt! who comes there?"

"Bow-wow!" barked Humility, before his master could prevent him; and that the dog had done just what they did not dare do themselves, they resolved to make the best of their situation, and so Kit answered:

"It's us, that's who."

"That is not satisfactory, sir," replied the challenging party.

"Oh, it ar'n't! Well, this feller with me is Dakota Dan, and the gentleman with Dan-yil is ole Kit Bandy," answered the detective.

"By George! can this be possible? Lay to, gentlemen, and land. I am Major Loomis, of Menomonee, and with me is a lady and gentleman in great distress. Come ashore, gentlemen, come ashore."

Both Kit and Dan recognized the old major's voice, and at once put ashore.

The major met them with extended hands, and after a cordial greeting, conducted them into a sort of cavern, in the towering bluff overlooking the river, where, before a dim fire, sat Herbert Dorne and his sister Christie.

"Horn of Joshua!" exclaimed Kit, in astonishment.

Both Herbert and Christie rose and advanced with greetings to the old bordermen.

"Of all other men," said Herbert, "you are the two whose presence is most desired."

"Why, young friends, what's the matter?"

"We are in trouble—distress, Mr. Bandy," said Christie, with tears in her eyes. "Some vagabond Indians have carried my child away, and we are in search of them, with little hopes."

"Then dismiss all care and trouble, Mrs. Taylor," said Kit, "for I know where your child is; we just left it."

A cry of joy burst from Christie's lips.

"I tell ye it's a royal little chunk of sweetness," put in old Dan.

"You addressed my sister as Mrs. Taylor, Kit; upon what authority?" asked Herbert.

"Upon the authority that solemnizes a marriage, Idaho Tom, the scamp, has proven to me, beyond doubt, the secret of the Blue Ledge Mine marriage."

"Can you establish the fact of your being a legal officer at the time of the marriage?"

"Very easily, sir; moreover, I have married a number of couples since that time. You have to refer to the records of Carson City to ascertain these facts. What makes you doubt my authority to solemnize a marriage, is the opinion you have formed of me from my general appearance. But, Mr. Dorne, I have had a method in my strange, rude conduct, talk and actions; and I'll tell you why: I am a detective—one of the government force. I have not only been sent into the hills here to ferret out the hiding-places of Prairie Paul's band, but to keep an eye upon the agents of the government who have been accused of practicing gigantic frauds upon the Indians and government in various ways. Here, sir, is the commission I hold," and he handed Herbert a stained and worn paper for perusal.

"Do you know where Tom is?" asked Christie.

"He's at the island, too," answered Bandy.

Joy's radiance settled upon every feature of the poor young thing's face; and, overcome with the glad tidings, she sat down and wept

with happiness, mentally murmuring a prayer of thanks.

"Well, it won't do for you to remain here much longer," said Kit, "you're in the immediate vicinity of Prairie Paul's headquarters; and the outlaws, with forty or fifty outlaw Indians, are raising the old Harry."

"But we have horses near that we will have to leave," said Major Loomis.

"You will have to leave them, and perhaps they will escape the eyes of the enemy for a day or two," answered Bandy. "We have our animals on the island, and I'm afraid they'll starve to death unless we get 'em off soon."

It required but a few minutes for all to prepare for return to the island.

Embarking in the canoe, Kit and Dan used the paddles with such skill and adroitness that the occupants could scarcely hear a sound. In this manner they crept along through the misty night, and ere they were expecting it a guard on the island challenged them.

Dakota Dan answered, when they were permitted to put ashore and land.

"Where's Idaho Tom?" asked Kit, the moment he stepped ashore.

"In the cabin."

The old detective led Christie across the island and into the cabin, where a bright fire was burning, and before which Idaho Tom sat, silently regarding the child in the basket, and the dusky woman seated by it.

"Oh, Tom! Tom!" cried Christie, the instant her eyes fell upon him.

Tom started up at the sound of her voice, and the next instant the young husband and wife were clasped in each other's embrace.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

### ARCHES OF FIRE.

IN the bliss consequent upon their unexpected meeting, Tom and Christie forgot all else—that a score of others were witnesses to their joyous reunion and the words of love and thanks that fell from their lips.

Herbert stole slyly to the basket in which slept Christie's baby, and lifting the child in his arms, walked to where the young couple stood, and said:

"My dear friends, with your child, receive my forgiveness and my eternal blessing."

The young couple were rendered speechless by this new joy. Christie clasped her child to her breast, while Tom turned, and taking Herbert's hand, at length said:

"Herbert, I have lived in the hope and belief that this hour of joy would come."

"Three cheers for Idaho Tom, his wife and baby!" burst from old Dan's lips, and the next moment the hills re-echoed the shouts that pealed from the lips of the rangers and the detectives.

After all had become reconciled and gathered around the fire, the scene presented was that of a happy family gathering, from grandfathers Bandy and Rackback, down to the lisping babe.

Some one called attention to the fact, when Dakota Dan said:

"Thar's but one pusson wanted to complete the party."

"And who's that?" asked Ichabod Flea.

"Sabina Bandy, who's abroad somewhere in the hills."

Kit and Ichabod roared with laughter.

"That's a good one, Dan," said Flea.

"Delicious—superb," added Kit; "for, Dan-yil, thar's no such person in existence as Sabina Bandy to my—"

"Then you murdered her?" responded Dan.

"That's the Sabina that you saw," said Kit, pointing to Ichabod. "He has been following me in female disguise for six months. It has been a part of my programme that he should; and if ever there was an opportune arrival, it was when he released me from the outlaws and Indians to-night. He almost overdid the thing, however, in personifying an enraged wife, especially when he pulled my hair."

An outburst of laughter pealed from his auditors' lips.

"Well, what in the name of sense is to come next?" exclaimed old Dan, somewhat embarrassed.

"I hope no further trouble," said Major Loomis.

"Me, too, major," said Dan, seriously; "but, somehow or other, I have had a strange presentiment since the moment I first saw that little child. The contrast between it and me, tells me that my days of usefulness are about over; and I feel as though I war expectin' or waitin' for something, I know not what. Major, do you b'lieve in presentiments?"

"Only in those that cast a visible shadow before," answered Loomis.

Dan sighed, and stealing a sly glance at Christie's baby, that seemed conscious of the happiness of its parents and was celebrating the reunion by a series of kicks and crows, he rose to his feet and went out into the open air; and, calling Humility to his side, walked around to the building where old Patience was hatched. Here he sat down, caressed his dog and the mare that fondled around him. He could not remain inactive, however, and going to the cabin he announced his intention of going ashore to watch the enemy. Then he walked away to the upper side of the island, and springing into a canoe, took Humility in with him and embarked for the west shore.

"There's something preying on Dan's mind, boys," remarked Kit Bandy, as the old ranger left the cabin.

"He seems a little down," said Major Loomis, "but I presume it's because he hasn't had a fight for an hour or two. Singular it is, how one's habits effect the mind and body."

Meanwhile the half-breed, Qadocq, and his wife, had sat silently by, demure spectators to what was going on. Christie had spoken kindly to the woman, for she could not find it in her heart to censure the poor savage creature for her great desire to possess the white baby. Her mother, Mrs. Cummings, was the one upon whose shoulders all blame fell for the child's abduction.

The night wore slowly away without any further demonstrations from the Indians.

It was nearly morning ere Dakota Dan returned to the island. He brought the news that a number of Indians and outlaws had been busily engaged during the whole night erecting a raft on the river in the vicinity of the ford. He did not ascertain the purpose for which it was intended; however, the object was quite obvious to all—a general assault upon the island.

The situation of our friends seemed to become more precarious every hour they remained upon the island. They could not escape now by a sudden dash, or any movement requiring exposure, physical hardships and endurance, for they had the care of a woman and babe resting upon their shoulders; and there was not a man but what would have died rather than desert them.

Another enemy besides the outlaws would soon be besieging them. It was hunger! Their supplies were already nearly exhausted, and there was but little chance against replenishing them.

"Don't cry before you're into the fire," enjoined old Dan; "we can kill and eat a horse rather than starve."

The night finally wore away, and a new day was ushered in. The sun rose in a clear sky. The forest trees shook the mist from their robes in the morning air. The birds sang their carols as of yore. The river swelled on in its power and might. The fair face of nature beamed upon all with resplendent beauty, and filled the hearts of the besieged with renewed hopes and courage.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 324.)

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In answer to "Alphabetical," in your last issue, for a remedy for consumption in its first stages, I can recommend Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," if taken according to directions, for it has been thoroughly tried in my family, and the results were glorious. "Alphabetical" must not expect one bottle to do the work—my wife took three bottles before she could discover any change, but after the third bottle every dose seemed to strengthen the lungs, and now she is well and hearty. If "Alphabetical" will write to me I will get witnesses to the above.

HENRY H. M. PATTON,  
Lawrence, Marion County, Ind.

(Cincinnati Times, Feb. 4, 1875.)

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## TOO SURE.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Of course I knew she loved me  
And nightly dreamed about me  
How well I assured that she  
Could never live without me  
I knew full well she was aware  
That I had not an equal  
And if to slight her love I'd dare  
She would not live a week well.

I loved her like a house afire;  
My thoughts were all about her;  
She was the dream of my desire  
And life were dark without her  
Low on her shrine I'd laid my heart  
And paid my adoration,  
And would not with the maiden part  
For all the wide creation.

Now, when I saw her walk with Wright  
Upon a pleasant Sunday  
I vowed that I would wreak my spite  
Before the end of Monday.  
Sure of her love, and just to make  
Her soul's sorrow with sorrow,  
And cause her tender heart to ache,  
I wrote upon the morrow—

"Dear Miss," I put it short, you see,  
"It is without emotion  
That I would say you now are free,  
For I have changed my notion.  
With any other in the town  
You're free to go at leisure.  
Good-by, I thought to bring her down  
And inly smiled with pleasure.

I got her note, triumphantly  
I opened the precious treasure.  
"Sam Wright last night proposed to me—  
Your letter gave me pleasure.  
Could I believe the words I read?  
To desperation goaded  
I snapped a pistol at my head—  
But it had not been loaded."

I took of arsenic quite a lump  
But it proved cream of tartar,  
Then in a cistern did I jump  
But it contained no water.  
Upon a railroad I laid down  
To die a death that's common,  
Then went and hung myself upon—  
The love of another woman.

## A Month's Wages.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

WARM May sunlight falling on an uncovered  
glory of golden-brown hair, and lighting up  
a sweet, thoughtful face that was lifted, with a  
dainty, weary air, from a high-piled basket of  
sewing—Ellice Merwin, it was, pretty, lily-  
like—Ellice Merwin, who seemed as much out of  
place in that stuffy little room, with coarse  
sewing between her fingers, as a rare, delicate  
hot-house flower would have looked among a  
bed of flaunting peonies.

Yet very brave, very patient, as she laid her  
sewing down, with a glance at the clock, and  
arose and shook the lint and ravellings from her  
white apron, then went softly into an adjoining  
room where the outlines of a low white  
couch were visible in the dusk.

Her low, gentle voice was barely more than  
a whisper as she stood on the threshold, inquiry-  
ingly.

"Lettie, dear?"  
A little rustle of the sheets, and an answer.  
"I am not asleep, Ellice—I wish I was. If  
I only could get asleep once more—and never  
wake up! Oh, Ellice, if you knew how weary  
I am of everything!"

Ellice was on her knees beside the cot in a  
second, her cool, pulsing hands caressing the  
hot head, her smooth cheek laid with such in-  
finitely pitying tenderness against the throbb-  
ing pulses.

"Dear—not tired of me? I wish you could  
sleep—but you know Dr. Ames insisted you  
should not take any more chloral. Try to be  
patient, Lettie—you will try to be, won't you,  
while I am gone? You know I would so glad-  
ly sit by you, dear, but there is bread and but-  
ter to earn, and rent to pay, and only I to do  
it."

Her voice never quivered in its low, clear  
tones—Lettie Merwin never dreamed of the  
hopeless pain away down in fair Ellice's heart—  
the pain that gnawed ceaselessly, not so much  
from the unaccustomed position in which she  
had found herself a year ago, and in which she  
had been obliged to remain—not so much from  
this, as from that other deathless misery that  
had begun when she learned of Clive Grey-  
land's faithlessness, a year ago, at the same  
time misfortune came to the Merwin girls.

Ellice was thinking of him now, with the  
smarting pain at her heart that she was wom-  
anly enough and brave and unselfish enough  
to keep down from sight—that she never talked  
about, and that now, coming in a burst of  
almost passion from Lettie's pallid lips, terri-  
fied her into momentary fear that Clive Grey-  
land's name had such potency over her.

Lettie had closed her throbbing fingers over  
Ellice's hand, with a grip of fever strength.

"Yes—you can work, work, work, and all I  
can do is to lie here and see you killing your-  
self. Ellice, why doesn't God punish Clive  
Greyland for deserting you in your hour of  
need? He, with his hundreds of thousands—  
you, with your lame, sick sister, and your pov-  
erty, and your courage, and your pride!"

Ellice started from her knees beside the cot.  
"Hush, Lettie! Mr. Greyland's is a name I  
never wish to hear, even from you. It is nearly  
one o'clock, see! The bells will ring in a  
moment, and I must not be late, you know."

She did not even pause before the little look-  
ing-glass with that quick scan of pardonable  
girlish interest in her appearance, but took  
down her hat and shawl—somber, unobtrusive  
garments of brown hue—and put them on.  
Then she kissed the querulous, childish mouth—  
such pretty, fresh lips Lettie's would have  
been had not years of illness set their seal on  
them.

"Try to be good until six o'clock, dear. I  
have left some sugared oranges on the table  
where you can reach them, and here is the li-  
brary copy of 'The Miller of Silcott Mill' for  
you. I will open the shutters a little, shall I—  
so?"

And then she went smiling away to the Fal-  
sington factories, where she earned her twelve  
dollars a week, and worked from seven till  
twelve, from one till six, for it, leaving only  
the brief before and aftertimes and between  
whiles to care for her household duties.

Yet—had not only the memory of Clive  
Greyland, with his handsome blonde face, his  
low, tender, caressing voice, his ardent dark  
eyes, his languid grace, his well-bred hauteur,  
haunted her nights in her dreams, and days  
over her loom—Ellice Merwin would not have  
been positively unhappy. Her grand nature  
was constituted to rise above the disappoint-  
ments and sacrifices of her outer life, and it  
would eventually triumph over her embittered  
heart-life—but as yet, the wound was still un-  
healed, try though she did, mightily, to replace  
her yearning love for her recreant lover with  
the bitter anger and contempt with which Let-  
tie always regarded him.

Her quick walk through the May eventide,  
that day, touched her cheeks with a pink tint  
as pure and dainty as an oleander bud, and her  
beautiful, thoughtful eyes had in them a spark-  
le of excited glow as she went up to the great  
gate, as the bell ceased its sonorous clanging—

two minutes too late, and Mr. Forester Falsington  
was well known as the strictest, while one  
of the kindest, most gentlemanly employers.

Two minutes late—it meant not only a per-  
centage off her wages, but a reprimand from  
Mr. Falsington himself when Saturday night  
should come. Two minutes late—and Ellice's  
eyes glowed and sparkled like fire, and her  
cheeks grew more vividly red as she thought  
how unjust it would be of Mr. Falsington.

And some one opened the gate on the inside,  
and bowed and smiled and looked very earnest-  
ly at her as she passed in.

"Somebody—" and Ellice's heart gave a hor-  
ribly suffocating leap, to her throat, as she  
looked up into two gentlemen's faces—Mr.  
Forester Falsington's, with his gravely respect-  
ful, smiling eyes meeting hers as he lifted his  
hat as if she had been a princess, and Clive  
Greyland's, handsome as ever, but not so de-  
bonair and easily gratified as the night he had  
taken her in his arms and kissed her good-by a  
twelvemonth before, and then, never had come  
again.

Only a second of conscious, flushing  
embarrassment, then she drew her figure up  
and looked straight in Mr. Falsington's eyes  
and bowed and went in from the sweet frag-  
rant May-day, to the ceaseless, irking labor  
that the soft south wind and the golden sun-  
shine seemed to mock.

It seemed to Ellice Merwin that Saturday  
night had never been so long coming in all her  
life before—not so much that she was feverish-  
ly wondering if her trial would result in per-  
manent employment by Mr. Falsington, or if  
her unlucky tardiness that fateful noontime  
would argue in her disfavor—as that she was  
consumed by restless, intense excitement to  
know what there was between Mr. Falsington  
and Clive Greyland. It was the destiny of it  
place to come; she could not have helped it if  
her life had been the forfeit. Those two days  
between—the Thursday and the Friday—she  
wondered, oh, so often, what Clive Greyland  
had in common with Mr. Falsington; she won-  
dered if he had dared laugh and jest about her  
and his summary neglect of her—imagined  
how he was, in all probability, paying court to  
the ladies at Ivy Villa, where the Falsingtons  
lived, where Greyland was doubtless visiting;  
and Lettie wondered at the unwonted emphasis  
of Ellice's manner, and never dreamed that  
Clive Greyland had crossed her path, that the  
Fates were righting things very simply. Then  
Saturday came—Saturday night, when the  
leaves were motionless and the setting sun  
slanted golden and warm, like a silent blessing,  
through the huge yawning windows, when the  
hum and rattle of the machinery had given  
place to Sabbath calm, when scores of girls had  
walked up to the cashier's desk to receive their  
sealed envelope of wages, and depart, gay and  
blithesome to their pleasures.

But several of the operatives were left in the  
big silent room, and Ellice Merwin was among  
them, nervously trying afresh her plain little  
tie, and wondering if anything was going to  
happen.

Dolly Moore came briskly out of the cashier's  
office, her black eyes snapping, her mouth in  
one wreath of smiles as she opened her shabby  
little pocketbook.

"I tell you, girls, he's a beauty—that new  
cashier that pays off to-night! Oh, my! only  
till you see his handsome eyes! Miss Merwin,  
would you believe, he actually asked me  
if you were waiting yet. He's seen you and  
been smitten, I suppose."

Ellice lifted her eyebrows in a sudden hasty-  
ly way the Falsington factory girls had tried  
in vain to imitate, then, had to smile at Dol-  
ly's face.

"You foolish girl! as if the new or old cash-  
ier had ever seen one of us until to-night.  
Your turn, Kathie, or mine?"

It was hers, and she bowed to the girls and  
entered into the walled-off office of the cashier  
of the mills—to look up, and meet Clive Grey-  
land's earnest, searching eyes.

"Miss Merwin! Ellice! it is really true that  
I see you to speak with you once more—after  
so long?"

A wild throbbing, for one second, of her un-  
ruly heart, then her usual calmness as she  
bowed slightly.

"Really true. My money, if you please,  
sir."

He laid his hand on an envelope bearing her  
name in his own handwriting, and looked at  
her sharply.

"Ellice—is it to be thus after so long? El-  
lice! because I treated you shamefully will  
you not have pity on me? Ellice, I am down-  
too—a salaried man, Ellice, but who regrets—"

Her eyes grew darker and darker; then she  
interrupted him suddenly.

"Pray spare me both a resume of your pecu-  
niary condition and your regrets. You did  
treat me shamefully, and I shall only treat you  
justly. My wages, please, Mr. Greyland."

She wondered at it herself—this indifference  
that had so suddenly come to her, that for-  
tunately she would have declared was impos-  
sible. Yet it had not come suddenly, after all  
—only the occasion that demanded it, and the  
demand for her outraged affection had been  
sudden.

And he saw the pitilessness of her eyes and  
face, and knew she despised him who had loved  
him so—knew he had deliberately cast from him  
a pearl he might never more regain; and, in  
revenge for the days and the nights of anguish  
Ellice Merwin had passed, there came to Clive  
Greyland such remorse as men seldom suffer.

He handed her her money, half-reluctant to  
end this interview.

"And that is all? There is no hope what-  
ever for me, Ellice?"

It was foolish in him, and he saw it at once.  
"Miss Merwin, if you please."

She turned, with a slight bow, but his voice  
detained her.

"Mr. Falsington wished me to request you  
to step into his office."

Ellice's heart fairly stopped, not at Grey-  
land's cold tones, but at the probability his  
words suggested.

"Discharged"—that was what it meant, and  
Clive Greyland would know it, and Lettie  
would cry, and she—where would she go, what  
would she do?

And, somehow, there seemed a more confus-  
ing noise buzzing in her ears than even the ma-  
chinery had made, and she felt strangely like  
making a cry-baby of herself—tall, dignified  
Ellice Merwin, whom the girls secretly called  
the "Duchess" and "Lady Ellice"—she actu-  
ally winking to keep back the rebellious tear  
crystal from off her lashes as she entered the  
elegant little office of the wealthy, handsome  
manufacturer, who was going to discharge her  
because she had been two minutes late, staying  
home to comfort Lettie and hearing her berate  
Clive Greyland. Clive Greyland! Ellice fair-  
ly hated him as she bowed to Mr. Falsington,  
who instantly arose, with his gravely courte-  
ous grace—and was Ellice foolish or child-  
ish, or sentimental, or what, that she dared im-  
agine there was a tone of tender sympathy in  
his voice, as if he regretted what he had to do?

"Miss Merwin, you—"

Somehow, Ellice felt she never could endure  
it. To be discharged! To be discharged from a  
factory—and Clive Greyland to hear of it and  
smile over it! She raised her lovely eyes  
impulsively.

"Please, Mr. Falsington, don't say it—don't  
say what you were going to. Indeed I will do  
as you wish—only, don't say it in so many  
words."

She was as fair as a flower, standing in the  
full glow of the dying sunshine, and Mr. Fal-  
sington smiled oddly at her.

"Not say it, Miss Merwin? How, then, can  
you do as I wish if I do not express my wish-  
es?"

His kind voice seemed such a relief after the  
unnatural interview with Clive Greyland, and  
the tears that trembled on her lashes rolled  
down on her cheeks.

"But I know, I could not help being late  
that day, and I know I don't suit at all. I will  
go, Mr. Falsington—only, I can't be discharged.  
It would kill me."

He walked quickly over to her, and if Ellice  
had only looked up and seen his eyes!

"Miss Merwin—Ellice—plainly you do not  
understand. I shall discharge you—hark, El-  
lice, because I have learned to love you so dear-  
ly. I want you for my darling wife, Ellice—  
little girl—am I too old—too plain?"

Her breath seemed stopping with bewilder-  
ment. Forrester Falsington asking her to be  
his wife—her, whom Clive Greyland had  
scorned, then vainly pleaded to?

A dizzy, strange joy almost suffocated her—  
Forrester Falsington, the ideal of all that was  
truly manly and noble—could she love him—  
did she love him?

"Ellice, dear—you do not hate me?"

His low, eager tone, his entreating, hand-  
some face.

Her woman heart conquered, and Ellice Mer-  
win and little Lettie went to Ivy Villa, never  
again to know aught but happiness and love;  
while Clive Greyland sought another situ-  
ation than that of cashier to the husband of  
the woman who was discharged for love's sake.

## Master or Man?

BY EREN E. REXFORD.

LOIS BRAND stopped on the bridge, and  
leaned over the low railing, watching the  
ripples on the waters, and the little minnows  
darting about in that restless fashion of theirs,  
which made her think of the shuttles flying  
through the warp in the weaving-room at the  
factory. She wished she could forget every-  
thing connected with the factory for a little  
while. She thought she could rest, then. But  
she had watched the shuttle moving in its swift  
way back and forth so long that the sight of  
almost any moving thing brought it before her,  
and she had listened for so long to the thunder  
and crash of loom and wheel that she heard  
them everywhere. She thought, sometimes,  
that she should never get the sound of them out  
of her ears.

As she stood there on the old bridge, think-  
ing, in an idle, spiritless kind of way, of what  
a pleasant thing life must be when there is no  
such drudgery, no such terrible monotony in  
it, as had wrapped hers in from childhood,  
shutting out everything she had hoped for  
most, like a wall, a step upon the creaking  
plank aroused her.

She turned, and saw that her companion was  
Dick Evans. His honest face was aglow at  
sight of her. To him, she was the one woman  
in the world.

"Good-morning, Dick," she said, in a tired  
kind of way. "Are you going to the mill?  
What a fool I am to ask you that, though! I  
might know that there's no other place for  
such people as we are to go to. When we get into  
the mills, once, we never get out. It's for life,  
or death, I don't know which. I don't think I  
should care much, if it wasn't for Fan."

"I don't like to hear you talk in that way,  
Lois," Dick said, in that grave, gentle way of  
his. "There's no need of your killing yourself  
at the loom, as you're doing. It's only for you  
to say yes, Lois, and you know there's nothing  
I'd be gladder to hear."

"I know, Dick," she answered, a little more  
tenderly, but with much bitterness in her voice  
yet. "I am sure I could be happy, quite hap-  
py with you, but—there's Fan. It wouldn't be  
right for me to marry you, Dick, and bring you  
such a load as two women, and one of them  
helpless as a baby, would be. I could help my-  
self, and you, but with me you'd find your  
hands full; when you come to think of poor  
Fan—and you nothing but your two hands! I  
can't say yes, Dick, thinking of that! It  
wouldn't be right for me to."

"Didn't I know all about Fan when I asked  
you to marry me?" Dick said, earnestly. "If  
I hadn't been willing to work for both of you,  
do you suppose I'd have asked you any such  
question? You know better, Lois. I under-  
stand the case, Lois, and am willing to run the  
risk of the consequences. Poor Fan wouldn't  
be half the burden to me, if you were to marry  
me, that she is to you. Besides, a man can  
work so much easier if he thinks he is working  
for some one who loves him—if he has a home  
of his own. Don't you know that, Lois? It  
puts life and energy into him. If I knew that  
you were waiting for me, after day's work was  
done, in a home of our own, the hardest job  
would be a pleasant one. The thought of the  
kiss you'd give me, when I got home, would  
help me more than the promise of a better  
place or extra wages. You'd better say yes,  
Lois."

Clang, clang, clang, rung out the factory  
bell. The sound of the bell was always get-  
ting tangled up with her life. It was always break-  
ing in upon her dreaming. It roused her now  
to the reality of what was before her.

"There's the bell, Dick," she said, drawing a  
long sigh, as she turned her face factoryward.  
"I don't think I'd better say yes, Dick. It  
wouldn't be right."

"Think it all over, before you decide," he  
said, walking along with her through the  
street leading up to the factory. "Don't let  
the thought of Fan, or the hard work I'd have  
to do, keep you from saying yes, if you love  
me, Lois."

They went into the factory together. The  
wheels were turning round and round in their  
tireless way. She wondered if they would  
ever stop? The warp was waiting for her at  
her loom. It made her think of a spider's web.  
She wondered if life were not a great spider's  
web, that many people got caught in, and  
couldn't get away from. The old factory looked  
more like a spider to-day than ever.

It was toward noon when Ralph Leverson  
came up to her loom. He was her employer.  
This great factory, and the men and women in  
it, were his.

He stood and watched her deft, well-trained  
fingers working among the threads. They had  
worked among them so long that they moved  
about mechanically. Lois couldn't help think-  
ing, sometimes, that she was getting to be a  
mere machine. There was about as little of

pleasure and the beautiful things of life in her  
existence as in the iron-brained machine before  
her, which seemed to keep up a steady think-  
ing of one thing from one day's end to an-  
other.

"Lois, I want to talk to you," young Lever-  
son said, by-and-by. "I suppose you never  
thought of such a thing as my caring for you,  
but—I do, Lois. I've watched your face for a  
long time, and I've grown fond of it. It's a  
face that tells how much your life lacks to  
make it pleasant. Let me bring the lacking  
pleasure, Lois. Will you be my wife?"

Lois had thought more than once that he  
cared for her. He had been very kind to her.  
He was a perfect gentleman, and she knew that  
he was in earnest. She thought about it all in  
a swift, muddled way. She thought about  
Dick, and her heart gave a little thrill at  
thought of his love for her, that was like a  
reaching out of hands to him. And yet, Dick  
was poor, miserably poor. He had only his  
hands, she thought, and then something cried  
out to her that he had more; he had a great,  
honest, loving heart. But Leverson was rich.  
He could give her all the beautiful things she  
had craved so vainly. A confused vision of  
pictures and flowers, of rich dresses and books,  
and the sound of music went whirling and sur-  
ging through her brain, to the accompaniment of  
the grinding, pitiless wheels.

"I can't think now," she cried, putting up  
both her hands to her throbbing brow. "Don't  
ask me to—some other time I'll tell you."

"You are killing yourself here," he said, ten-  
derly. "Try to think favorably, Lois," and  
then he left her.

The wheels went round and round. Her  
thoughts went on and on. Should she choose  
for her heart? Then she thought of Dick.  
Dear, patient, willing Dick. For her selfish  
heart, she thought of Leverson. How the  
machinery crashed its iron jaws. She thought  
it was trying to get hold of her, and fancied it  
was a great animal snarling at her.

"I'm going home," she said, at last, sick,  
dizzy, faint. "I should go crazy if I stayed  
here."

She put on her bonnet and shawl and went  
out into the cool October air. How peaceful  
the hills looked. She wished she were one of  
them. Then nothing would fret her. The end-  
less turning of the wheels, the grinding, crash-  
ing din, would be nothing to her.

Oh! which to choose? which to choose? The  
wheels made a little voice of themselves, and set  
themselves to the monotonous hum of turning  
spindles, and the click-clacking of darting shut-  
tles.

She went toward home in a slow, round-  
about way. Suddenly the factory bell snote  
the air with a swift clangor that hurt her ach-  
ing head terribly. She wondered what the  
matter was. She heard a cry of fire, and all  
at once a great black cloud of smoke broke from  
the upper windows of the building.

She turned about and went back. Perhaps  
there was something her tired hands could do.  
What would become of her if the factory burned?  
What would become of a hundred others  
like her, who earned their daily bread there?

But she knew before she reached the mill  
that it could not be saved. The windows were  
loopholes of fire. The eaves were wreathed  
with twisting flames. There was no hope.

Suddenly a great cry rung out from the  
crowd. At the window of his office, up-stairs,  
saw Leverson's frightened face. He must  
have been asleep, and undreaming of the awful  
danger so near by. She thought it was death.  
She could see no way of escape for him.

"I'll try to save him," cried a voice she  
knew—Dick's voice, and there was something  
grand in the sound of it. And then she saw  
him fighting his way through the flames, and  
the last glimpse of his face showed her how  
brave it was, in the wild tempest of fire and  
smoke.

She held her breath, pale and still, and wait-  
ed, while her heart kept saying over, "Dear  
Dick, oh, God, save him!" in a prayerful kind  
of way. She knew then that the lover who  
was risking his life so nobly was more to her  
than the lover he was risking his life for could  
ever be. She had made her choice.

Suddenly she caught sight of Dick's face at  
the window of Leverson's room. He had Lever-  
son in his arms, for the master had fainted.

"Throw up a rope!" shouted Dick, and some  
strong hand flung one to him. He fastened the  
unconscious man to it, and let him down just  
as the flames burst out of the window below him,  
wrapping the whole front of the great mill in a  
seething sheet of fire.

A groan went through the crowd. There  
was no hope for Dick. He had saved a life and  
lost his own.

"Dick! Dick!" rung out a woman's voice,  
wild, sharp and shrill with pain, "try to save  
yourself for my sake!"

He heard, and leaned far out of the window,  
in a wild desire to save his life for the sake  
of the woman he loved. He saw the wire of one  
of the lightning-rods not a foot away from the  
window. Maybe it would be strong enough to  
bear him. But it was through a hell of fire.  
But, Lois had called him, and he would make  
a wild, desperate, almost hopeless effort to save  
himself.

He leaned out and grasped the rod, and  
swung himself over the window sill, and slipped  
down, down! The rod blistered his hands,  
but he clung to it. The flames billowed up  
around him, and broke over him, but he held  
his breath, and slipped down, down! and the  
last he remembered he was slipping down, and  
the thought had got into his brain that he was  
always going down, down, down! and then—a  
blast.

The first thing he remembered after that, a  
woman's face was bending over him, and a woman's  
tears were dropping on his face, and a woman's  
kiss was on his lips, and a woman's voice was  
saying, "Oh, Dick, poor, noble, brave,  
dear Dick!" in a broken way, and he opened  
his eyes to see Lois above him, and he thought  
it must be heaven, and whispered, "Is it yes,  
Lois?" And she answered yes, with a great  
thankfulness in her eyes and voice.

They told him he was a hero. And Lever-  
son came and took his poor wounded hands in  
his, and told him he had saved his life, and  
that he should do great things by him to prove  
his gratitude. And he did.

And Lois is satisfied with her choice.

## Base-Ball.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

## THE PROFESSIONAL CAMPAIGN.

The League clubs have not been doing the  
best of fielding in their pennant contests of late,  
their July record showing a poorer average  
than that of July in 1876. The Chicago and  
Boston clubs have been dealing heavily in dou-  
ble figure scores, while the Louisville and St.  
Louis nines have shown the best record in sin-  
gle figure contests. The first week's play in  
August closed with the pennant record showing  
the following position of the contesting nines:

## THE LEAGUE PENNANT RECORD.

Clubs.	Chicago	St. Louis	Boston	Louisville	Atlanta	Cincinnati	Philadelphia	Pittsburgh	Washington
Games won	37	37	37	37	37	37	37	37	37
St. Louis	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Hartford	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Boston	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Louisville	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Mutual	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Athletic	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Cincinnati	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Games lost	8	14	19	20	21	21	21	21	21

Saturday, August 5, was a day of surprises  
in the pennant race, the Hartford on that day  
being defeated by the Mutuals by 4 to 1, after a  
splendid fielding game by the Brooklyn team;  
while the Chicago had to succumb to the Louis-  
ville by 4 to 2. The worst defeat sustained by  
a League club during the first week of August  
was that the Athletics met with at the hands of  
the Live Oaks, of Lynn, who captured the  
Philadelphia on August 1